The Saturday Review of Literature

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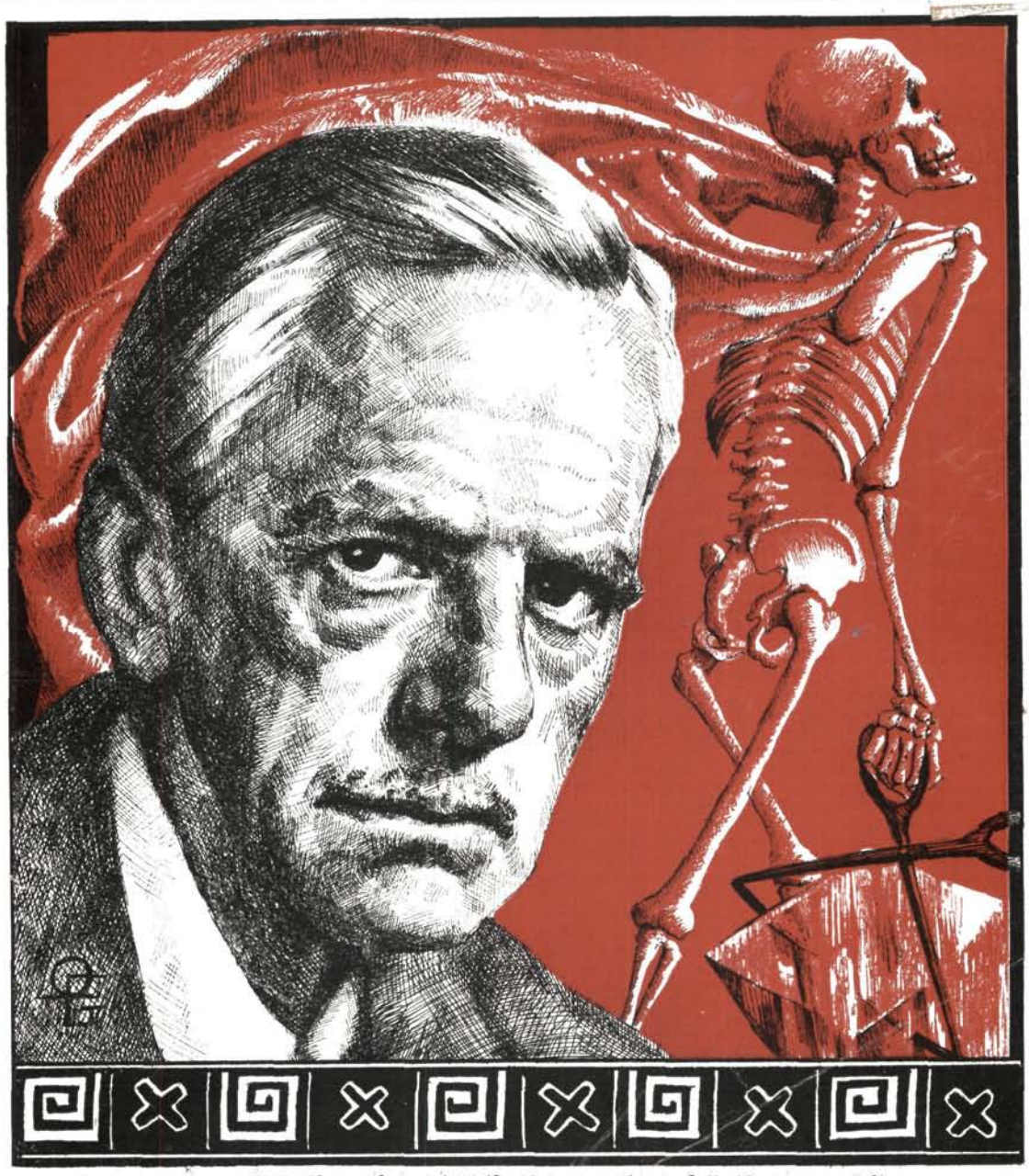

Eugene O'Neill, author of "The Iceman Cometh." (See page 26)

At an Alarming Rate

By JAMES M. MINIFIE

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A publisher's idea of a *Good press*

The New Yorker said: "In case you have not yet discovered Mr. Balchin's admirable talent, this short novel about an unlicensed psychoanalyst, . . . and his imaginative handling of a likable but murderous young man will afford you a proper introduction. Considering the recent crop of forced or fancy fiction, . . . Mr. Balchin's adult approach to a subtle theme is a welcome bit of refreshment."

James Sandos of the Chicago Sun said: "Balchin is a novelist worth reading now and one whose future novels are an uncommonly rich prospect because of this accuracy of ear, because of the honesty of his subjects, because of the bounding vitality of his characters. . . . He is still writing toward his finest novel, but he has written already with uncommon distinction."

Orville Prescott of the New York Times said: " . . . Mr. Balchin is the first author to my knowledge who has seemed aware that psychoanalysts are people, too, with troubles of their own and emotional difficulties as pressing as those of ordinary men. When such problems are combined with the dramatic mysteries of their profession a rich new theme lies waiting for fictional treatment, that is for those who know enough about the subject to venture into its arcana. Mr. Balchin seems to. . . . handled with flashing wit, with sympathetic understanding and with dramatic punch."

Nigel Balchin

author of

"The Small Back Room"

and

MINE OWN EXECUTIONER

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BY

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MORROW

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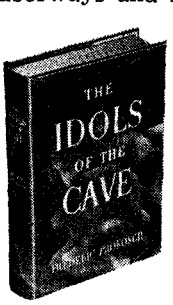
"From where I sit"

WHAT do you expect me to do, quote passages from PROKOSCH's new novel **The Idols of The Cave,** and then say "Now I submit that this is good writing"? I only do that once in a while when I think people may be getting bored with what else I have to say From Where I Sit. And I don't like to do it, because I think there exists these days a lot of confusion over such terms as *fine writing.*

Publishers, for example, usually rapture over fine writing when they've got a book they don't think will sell. What the hell, they say, we might as well get some prestige out of it, stress the fine writing angle. Critics, on the other hand, point to fine writing in the same delicious way they spy the canapé at their favorite canopy. It gives them a chance to unleash a little torrent of personal brilliance.

Yet, whatever rapture it may evoke, fine writing is and should be secondary to the business of telling a story. If the writer succeeds,—and here is the tricky part—if he succeeds in transforming the raw material of the story into writing which sticks in the mind or lingers in the mental ear, then he is an artist, and PROKOSCH does and is. Now in this transforming process, he must frequently distort the facts, rearrange incidents, and angle his focus so as to interpret the bare reality we all have access to, and to heighten the personal experience of the reader as he reads along. As in painting, the writer's interpretation is of prime importance.

To quote the juicy passages in this new novel would be to quote almost the whole book, for PROKOSCH is intensely aware of everything he tries to describe. In addition to his awareness, he imposes upon the reader the distinctly sinister focus he is after. This is the dramatic story of wartime New York, but it is the specific wartime New York of the upper, shakier, and more frightening classes, and the scenery which never gets outside the protected radius of tall, expensive buildings with canopy and Georgian doorways and Left Bank Bohemia, is especially luminous and vertical and impossible to escape from. The characters, each an idol to someone, and very often to themselves, cannot escape. And what makes it art, the reader cannot escape.



paul

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

THE ENTIRE SCRIBNER editorial force having been alerted for weeks to signal the arrival of a new Hemingway manuscript, there were cries of exultation and relief when a battered suitcase, lettered "E. H." and bearing a Key West tag, was deposited with a thump in Max Perkins's private office recently. Unfortunately, nobody could get it open, and outside help had to be sought. Impatient, Mr. Perkins bent down, put an ear to the suitcase, and remarked quietly, "My God, I think I hear something ticking." It was at this point that Whitney Darrow suddenly remembered an important date at Princeton. The ticking proved imaginary, however; the valise finally was pried open—and out fell two old suits and a single page of unmistakable Hemingway longhand. The message, quoted here in full, read, "Can't some good dry-cleaner get a few of these damn spots out?" . . .

PENGUIN BOOKS HAS a new number called "The Weather," by George Kimble and Raymond Bush. Penguin also is readying a twenty-five cent edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Kimble and Bush may have to add a brand new chapter on atmospheric disturbances when Mr. Hearst hears what's afoot. . . . Jack Smart, abundantly endowed by nature for the title role he plays in Dashiell Hammett's radio serial, "The Fat Man," had a sobering thought at the Players' Club one evening. "Wouldn't it be terrible if I lost my sight?" he asked. "Cheer up," counseled a friend. "You could always get a Seeing-Eye Horse." . . . The Home and Hobby Shop, of Atlanta, stocks cook books exclusively. The proprietor was reading "The Egg and I" for his own amusement. While he was out to lunch, a young housewife chose it in preference to Fanny Farmer and "The Joy of Cooking." Up to the present writing, the book has not been returned. . . . The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a white jade dog, carved by an unknown Chinese over two centuries ago, that is a dead ringer for Jim Thurber's canine drawings. If you don't believe it, says Alan Priest in *The Art News,* look at Thurber's "How to Raise a Dog" (page 31 in particular) and then at this photograph of the Metropolitan's treasure.

***EBONY,* THE NEGRO DIGEST** Publishing Company's new picture magazine, is obviously modeled on *Life,* but it is edited with taste, intelligence, and a shrewd understanding of what its public wants. Result: almost half a million circulation per issue before its first year is completed. Book publishers are testing its pulling power as an advertising medium. . . . A more widely touted newcomer, *Holiday,* is perking up sharply after a shaky start. . . . The daily columnists have printed more bunk about the Field-backed-Cousins-edited *USA* than all other magazine projects put together. Facts: a staff of over thirty is quietly but unostentatiously planning a weekly magazine that will imitate nobody, discover its own special place in the sun. The editors themselves do not know when the first issue will go on sale. . . . In early spring another powerfully backed newsmagazine will make its bow. It is tentatively labeled *UN World,* edited by a staff recruited in large measure from *The New Republic,* and sponsored by a group that includes Jock Whitney, Nelson Rockefeller, Michael Straight, and Max Ascoli. . . . More on the literary side will be the new quarterly *Mainstream.* Dashiell Hammett, Arnaud d'Usseau, Samuel Sillen, and Howard Fast gave a reception last week to celebrate its official launching. . . . One of my favorite magazine features is a lively weekly page in *Tide* called, reasonably enough, Tidings. Recently it described Aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran's cocktail party in honor of her husband, multi-millionaire Floyd Odlum. He was lamentably late for his own party, but finally entered amidst the reverential hush that befits a director of a dozen great corporations. "Darling," was his method of making amends to his wife. "Surprise! I bought you a new airplane today." Everybody thought that was pretty wonderful except one unappreciative drunk whose comment was heard distinctly by the entire assemblage: "Humph! All the flower shops must have been closed!" . . .

LAWRENCE R. MAXWELL, who special-

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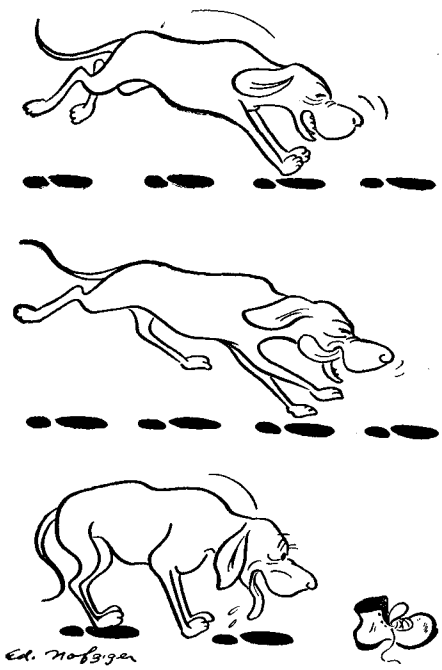
izes in avant-avant-garde books for the Greenwich Village elect, reports that a customer marched into his shop in search of a tome on city planning, and, brushing aside explanations, marched out with a copy of Cyril Connolly's "The Condemned Playground." . . . Brand Aymar's roommate was confused by a new book title, too. "Is that La Farge novel about the hurricane worth reading?" he asked. "I think it's called 'The Sudden Gust'." . . . Crowell's new edition of Roget's Thesaurus is the most valuable reference book that has come to my desk this year. I understand it will be out of stock in short order. Hurry, hurry, hurry! . . . James Gray, new book editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, has a volume of criticism,



"On Second Thought," on the fall University of Minnesota Press list. . . . Barbara Frost, able publicity representative for Lippincott, has written a whodunit called "The Unwelcome Corpse." Coward-McCann will publish it early in 1947. . . .

JIM FLAGG'S aptly-named autobiography, "Roses and Buckshot" (Putnam), will delight especially members of the Dutch Treat Club and the Artists and Writers Golf Association. Of Frank Crowninshield, one of the best-loved and most famous of the Dutch Treat's founding fathers, Flagg remarks, "He bought posters from me when he was art editor of Appleton's and I was sixteen. But this wit, this always polished man of the globe, despite the fine head-start I gave him, lacks intelligence in one subject—art. With great reluctance, I say a little bit less than nothing in these pages about 'modern art.' I just rely on the evidence, that dreadful gallery of mod-

if you like falling leaves

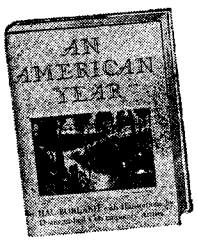
the smell of smoke in the air . . .

clear autumn skies

memories and thoughts of the country . . .

and such Americana as stone walls, root cellars, old orchards, watering troughs, two-man cross cut saws, kerosene-lamps, wheel barrows, pungent sassafras, scarlet autumns in New England, green-clouded swallow tails, Indian Summer, April showers, wild blueberries, snow banked woods, and high-hot summer . . .

then you will surely like



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"You'll have to shuttle over to Grand Central and take the Woodlawn Express."

ern fungi Crowny reproduced for years in Vanity Fair." . . .

TWO OF THE MOST satisfying of the flood of new fall juveniles are Robert Misch's "At Daddy's Office" (Knopf) and Ruth White's "Ollie the Ostrich" (Nelson). Misch is vice-president of the Al Paul Lefton Advertising Agency; Mrs. White is the wife of the Bill White who wrote "Pale Blonde of Sands Street," and the daughter of William Morris, whose present far-flung theatrical empire was built originally around the fabulously profitable tours of Sir Harry Lauder.

Every now and then Sir Harry would announce that he was through with performing on the stage, and Mr. Morris would have to brave the cold winters of Scotland to make him change his mind. Mr. Morris swore that the bedrooms in Sir Harry's house were kept at a steady temperature of twelve degrees below zero. One night he simply couldn't stand the penetrating chill a moment longer. Throwing off the blankets, overcoats, bath towels, and creeper rugs he had piled atop his bed, he ran shivering into Sir Harry's room, woke him up, and demanded more heat. Sir Harry, deeply annoyed, grumbled something about pampered, hot-house Americans, stamped into the library (where the only fireplace in the house was in operation)—and threw a single additional coal onto the fire. . . .

THEY HAVE REVIVED the story of the shrewd lady who bet fifty dollars that she could get a perfectly terrible poem reprinted in full in *The New York Times Sunday Book Review*. Her bet covered, she typed out the first four stanzas and mailed them to the *Times* "Queries and Answers" department with an acompanying note that read, "In my childhood, my old mammy used to lull me to sleep with a lovely poem. I enclose the lines I remember. Could some kind reader finish it for me?" Her letter and verse were duly printed and two weeks later she sent in the balance, noting "Here are the missing lines that your correspondent could not recall." The bet was paid—under protest.

BENNETT CERF.

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Advertisement

Not by Bread Alone

"In 1906 I went to the Arctic, with the food tastes and beliefs of the average American," says the noted explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in his latest book, NOT BY BREAD ALONE (Macmillan, $3.50). Some of these beliefs were:

Sailors used to die of scurvy because they lacked vegetables and fruit
To be healthy, one needs a "balanced" diet, including food from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms
If you are forced to eat only one thing, you develop a strong revulsion to it
To have sound teeth, it is necessary to eat fruit, vegetables, and milk
Primitive peoples have good teeth because they chew a lot and eat coarse food
It is unhealthy to eat fat meat in hot weather
Salt is a necessary element of diet
Eating too much meat may cause hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, or kidney trouble

"During the following twelve years," Stefansson continues, "I spent ten winters and the intervening summers as an Eskimo among Eskimos . . . which included living on Eskimo foods prepared in the Eskimo way. In that process my tastes underwent a gradual change, and I came to realize that many of my former beliefs were due to the locale of my birth and upbringing; that they were matters of social and not of biological inheritance."

In *Not by Bread Alone* Stefansson tells about the experiences which have led him to the conviction that an exclusive diet of meat or fish is not only possible, but desirable from the standpoint of health. He recounts the adventures of other explorers, fur-trappers, Indians, and soldiers who have thrived on an exclusive meat or fish diet, and adds the evidence of anthropology, history, and science.

Not by Bread Alone will shake up the ideas of many of us who have been unduly influenced by vitamin enthusiasts, dentifrice advertisers, and the common food superstitions of our civilization. Some people will disagree violently with Stefansson's conclusions. But if you read his book with an open mind, you will be forced to take them seriously, because he has based them on actual experience and scientific experiment.

In his Introduction to the book, Dr. Eugene F. Du Bois, Medical Director of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, says: "Here is a book that should be read by everyone who eats meat. It will relieve unnecessary apprehension regarding the food we most enjoy. Of course it should be read by, or read to, everyone who does not eat meat."

—MACMILLAN

"It's good to know that such a man as Vazakas walks among us"

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Transfigured Night · *Poems by* BYRON VAZAKAS

In his introduction to these poems by Vazakas, William Carlos Williams says, "He is gentle-vitriolic, kind-inhuman, forgiving-obdurate, a poet whose urbanity is inviolate. He seems more the artist, the poet in the full sense of a transformer by work of the imagination, than anyone I know. Nor is this to be a poet's poet; this is to work at his trade; he's a good hard worker at his job . . . What has Vazakas actually accomplished? This: He has completely done away with the poetic line as we know it, a clean sweep, not a vestige of it is left. He has found a measure based not upon convention, but upon music for his reliance, a measure that is inviolable to the old attack . . . He brushed aside everything that might impede its music, caught by the music, caught by the music alone. As a starter, this is enough for any man."

At your bookseller $2.00

Other MACMILLAN Poets

The Macmillan Company publishes the work of many contemporary poets, such as Marianne Moore, Ruth Pitter, and Marya Zaturenska. In recent months the following have been published: SECRET COUNTRY ($2.50) by the eminent Ecuadorian poet, Jorge Carrera Andrade, translated by Muna Lee; and CRUSADE ($2.00) by John Waller, a brilliant young English poet.

MACMILLAN

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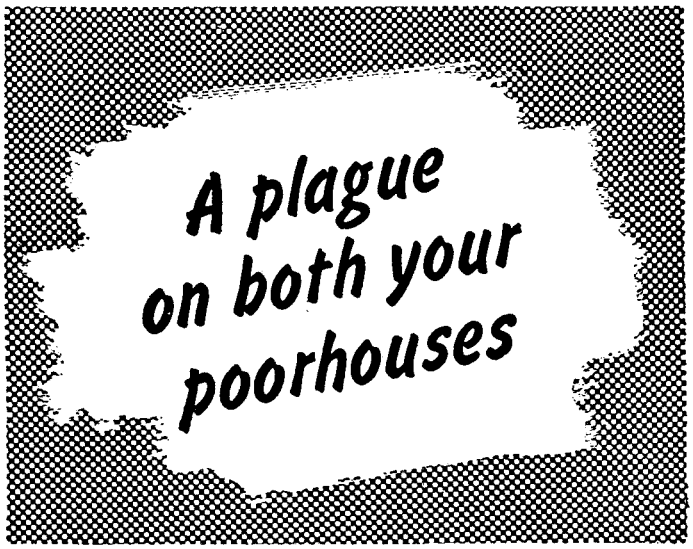

WAS it G. K. Chesterton who said of G. B. Shaw, or G. B. Shaw who said of G. K. Chesterton, that you must be orthodox in most things if you want to succeed in your own particular heresy. It might have been said of Hilaire Belloc. For Belloc also battled against many orthodoxies. So much so, that his favorite heresy made little headway in his own lifetime. Nevertheless, the truth is great and shall prevail. Thirty years later, Belloc's belief that mankind was turning again to the serfdom of the Dark Ages has become almost a commonplace.

Belloc's THE SERVILE STATE was first published two years before World War I (which made Hitler a corporal) and five years before the Bolshevist Revolution (which made Lenin a Russian saint.) England then was flourishing. The rich were still being carried forward on the tidal wave of nineteenth century expansion. The condition of the poor was steadily improving. It seemed to most men that God would soon be in his Heaven and all would be right with the world.

But not to Belloc. He saw a basic weakness in capitalist society. In political theory, it was democratic. There was equality before the law for all. The few who controlled the means of production (the capitalists) were the equals of the many who had nothing to sell but their labor (the proletarians or wage earners.) Each man could work or not, as he chose. Each could get a job, or not, as he chose. Yet the economic fact did not bear out the political theory. The capitalist could work or not, as he chose. The laborer could work—or starve.

Most social reformers saw only two ways out of this. One was to humanize economic inequality. Let the capitalist provide food and shelter for the worker on the condition that the laborer work for it. That was the way the England of 1912 seemed to be tending. There were already workmen's compensation laws, compulsory insurance, demands for minimum wages. The other way was to collectivize the means of production. That is the tendency of England in 1946.

Belloc saw serfdom either way. In the humanized capitalist society, as he saw it, the worker would become the slave of the capitalist. As a corollary, he would gain such obvious advantages of slavery as food and shelter. In the collectivist society, the worker would become the slave of the state, and would reap the same advantages. To a man of Belloc's highly individualistic mind, the inevitable answer (though he was careful to make it only by inference) was:—"A plague on both your poorhouses."

Since Belloc's time, the general theme of THE SERVILE STATE has been discussed several times by professional economists and professional politicians. (Two noteworthy examples are Professor Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* and Lord Hewart's *The New Despotism*.) Belloc himself offered his ideas in simple terms, without benefit of documentation. He, who rode in the horse-drawn buses of London or New York, could easily have read and understood. In England, few did. In America THE SERVILE STATE was not even published. Yet, today, when the policies and economies of the world are becoming ever more complex and the regulations governing them more voluminous, it is clear that Belloc's heresy is one of the basic political truths of our time.

Belloc erred in some respects. He thought, for example, that collectivization would never come because it could only come through confiscation—and confiscation was repugnant to mankind's deep-rooted sense of personal property. Russia proved him wrong. In its broad sweep, however, his thesis has been justified by the broad sweep of history (with some little help from men like Lenin and Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler). For good or ill—and Belloc himself was the first to acknowledge the good—the servile state is already with us.

Many of us, probably most of us, dislike the servile state. All the more reason for us to understand its first principles and the alternatives to it. That is why we feel it a service at this time to present the first American edition of

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The Saturday Review of Literature

At an Alarming Rate

JAMES M. MINIFIE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From February 25, 1944 to May 2, 1945 James M. Minifie was deputy psychological warfare officer of the Anglo-American Fifteenth Army group in the Mediterranean theatre and director and supervisor of Allied Italian propaganda. He was foreign correspondent in Europe for the* New York Herald Tribune *from 1930-1941. At present Mr. Minifie is writing a novel.*

IN two years we founded sixteen papers between Lampedusa and Vienna. Not all of them survived. Some withered; others are still flourishing. All made money, some of them in embarrassing amounts. Some made history too.

In those two years we cleared, after paying all the expenses except the salaries of the exiguous British or American personnel, approximately one million dollars. In Austria we were making so much money that General Clark set a committee to investigate us. Generals are perfectly happy when money is being spent. But when anyone under their command begins to make money, they feel that something must be very wrong. The committee duly reported that while it couldn't find anything actually illegal in our activities, it was unquestionably true that we were making money "at an alarming rate." And despite their disapproval we are still doing so.

It isn't real money, perhaps. Certainly you cannot take it out of the country in which it was made. Nor can you turn it over to the United States Government or spend it personally. There are regulations against both courses. So most of the money was allocated to relief or charity or education, always after consultation with the local military government.

The agency which did this was the Psychological Warfare Branch of the Anglo-American Fifteenth Army group in Italy and its successor, Information Services Branch of the United States Forces, Austria.

PWB was formed to conduct a war of nerves against the enemy, but it soon found that a vital part of its functions was reeducating the peoples of liberated lands. This activity increased in importance as the liberated areas grew larger. Its instruments included press, radio, movies, the theatre, propaganda shops, and display centers.

Newspapers were founded in every important town as soon as possible after it was taken. They sometimes appeared before the enemy was out of artillery range. In the case of the Salerno landing our newspaper began publication there under shellfire, and when it was by no means certain that the beachhead could be maintained.

They ranged in size from the single mimeographed sheet of *Il Faro di Lampedusa,* which for a brief period lightened the darkness of that benighted patch of Italian sand between Sicily and Africa, to the sixteen-page Sunday edition of the *Wiener Kurier,* whose daily 380,000 circulation in Vienna is more than double that of the nearest competitor—Russian, British, French, or Austrian.

They were founded with four objectives in mind. We wanted to provide the population with news, and military government with a channel for its announcements. We wanted to train non-Fascists in the technique of newspaper editing and publishing, which Mussolini, and to a lesser degree Hitler, had always maintained as a closed party preserve. We wanted to set a standard of impartial nonpolitical presentation of the news for the new press to live up to. And we wanted a vehicle for the exposition and demonstration of democratic principles. This last was the most important objective, the one we hoped would not be lost to view after we moved on.

This was more difficult than we had anticipated. We thought our principles only had to be heard to be accepted. We found out that other peoples had quite a different set of principles which they regarded as equally self-evident and to which they were equally devoted. The little *Faro di Lampedusa* had something more than the historical importance of being the first free paper to appear in the totalitarian realms. In spite of its tiny size and short life, it taught us this great philosophical lesson of the invasion, and it did so in its own peculiar Lampedusan style.

THE island is the wretched haunt of a few hundred fishermen who live in illiterate poverty. It gained some notoriety at the time of the invasion at the beginning of July 1943 by reason of the combination of bombing and leaflet dropping which brought about its surrender. One of the first ashore was Sergeant Calabi, of PWB, who galloped over the sands with a typewriter under one arm and a sheaf of mimeographing paper under the other, determined to bring knowledge of the blessings of democracy to these simple fisherfolk.

The first side of his paper Sergeant Calabi devoted to a brief survey of world events and timely announcements by Military Government. Then the sergeant editor cast about for a suitable subject for an editorial for the back page which would bring home to the Lampedusans the nature of their new freedom and the responsibilities devolving therefrom. Now in Lampedusa the results of a certain simplicity of manners strikes every foreign eye and nose. Sergeant Calabi could be in no doubt as to his

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subject. It thrust itself upon him. So he sat down and wrote for the back page an impassioned editorial in which he urged the Lampedusans to embrace the four freedoms and to cease defecating in the public highway.

This was not taken very kindly by the Lampedusans, and a number of prominent citizens took advantage of their new freedom to wait upon the sergeant editor in a delegation and to say to him in effect: "What good are these four freedoms which you are ramming down our throats and which we never heard of before, if you deny us a freedom we have always known—yes, and our fathers before us—and cherished?

This set the sergeant editor back a bit. He scratched his head and finally said: "Never mind about the other freedoms for awhile—you just go away and don't commit nuisances in the piazza."

At this the delegation bowed politely and withdrew. Then, assembling in the piazza, with one accord they struck a blow for freedom.

The sturdy independence so picturesquely displayed by the Lampedusans marked Italians everywhere. They were individualists. For example, one of the points we never tired of stressing in the paper we ran in Naples was that liberty must not be confused with license, and that freedom of the press, just like freedom in every other line, carried its characteristic responsibilities, among which restraint, good taste, and avoidance of personalities ranked high in our estimation. Notwithstanding all this, as soon as the Neapolitans were allowed to publish their own papers one of them carried a scurrilous attack on two Italian journalists who were working on our paper, calling them "little excrements of journalism." In the course of the day the little excrements in question came to see me, first to inform me wrathfully of the circumstance and next to show me gleefully what they proposed to call their accusers. They felt hurt and outraged when I forbade them to answer back, and for a moment I thought we were going to have a revolt on our hands.

WE found that the Italians, while giving an appearance of conformity, had in no way changed their convictions or intentions as a result of either precept or example. Under an ostensible conformity they reserved and successfully maintained their characteristic individuality.

This was in marked contrast with the Austrian attitude. When we pushed through the Brenner, elbowing aside the frantic remnants of the Wehrmacht hurrying west and south

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

Tethered.

to escape surrendering to the Russians, we found a strong disposition on the part of the people to put themselves as completely under our domination as they had been under Hitler's.

The difference between the Austrians and the Italians was beautifully illustrated in their attitude towards editorials. Both had the habit from of old of long editorials, beginning on the front page and trailing on into the remote interior of the paper. There just was not room for that in a four-page paper, and I laid it down that our own papers should set the form by confining themselves to a single daily editorial not more than a single column long. Even this, I pointed out, was a vastly greater proportion of editorial-page space to news than *The New York Times* or the *Herald Tribune* indulged itself in. I hoped that if we set the fashion the other editors, who published without interference from us, would see the light, and make their sheets newspapers instead of mere viewspapers.

I made all these points very carefully to the Italian editor of our own paper, *Risorgimento,* in Naples. For the next few days all my time was taken up by other matters. When I next looked at the *Risorgimento,* I saw to my horror that not only was there a column long editorial on the front page which continued on to the back page, but that there were four other editorialized pieces on the front page, leaving room for only two small paragraphs of news.

I then gave an order that the editor's opus should be spiked if it ran over one column. The next afternoon the galleys of a florid masterpiece were sent down to me. There were two columns of it. I took up the scissors and personally cut it in two. I subsequently had reason to wish I'd cut the editor in two instead—but more of that later.

We never had these difficulties in Austria. The Austrian staff of our papers did not find it unreasonable that we should ask them to produce a paper reflecting our ideas and along our lines. And we found that Austrian editors recognized and picked up sound journalistic ideas quickly, so that when Austrian owned and operated papers were permitted to publish, they gave us very brisk competition. In fact I thought privately that one of the Salzburg papers, the *Demokratisches Volksblatt,* run by the Socialists, was a newsier, more readable sheet than our own.

But their very individuality made the Italian editors much livelier watchdogs of the public weal—if their bent was that way at all—than the Austrians dared to be. For example, *Sicilia Liberata,* which we founded in Palermo a few days after the city fell, soon aroused the ire of Military Government by pointing out that the decree enjoining immediate payment of taxes could not possibly be carried out because the only two tax collectors' offices to survive our bombs were in opposite extremes of the town and much too small to handle the tax payers of Palermo. Furthermore there was no means of getting there except on foot; the weather was extremely hot, and many had no shoes. The regulation would therefore impose unnecessary hardship without achieving its goal, the editorial declared.

THE complaint had been shown to me before it was printed. I found it balanced, reasonable, and justified —the very thing to illustrate our principles of freedom of the press. The next morning I prepared to fight that battle with Amgot, where I did not expect to find the same devotion to liberal principles. Sure enough, my discerning and sympathetic friend, Captain Charles Poore, then press relations officer in Palermo, had just received a blast from on high. As he was considering it an aide of Major General Lord Rennell of Rodd, Military Governor of Sicily, came in waving a copy of *Sicilia Liberata* on which the governor had scribbled in blue pencil: "I like this. Justified and healthy criticism."

It was a significant victory and the first demonstration of what was meant by freedom of the press. We owed much in those days to Rennell Rodd's support. Later governors and army commanders were not always so enlightened, though Colonel Charles Poletti was an exception. We sometimes had too much difficulty establishing freedom of the press for ourselves to be much of a pattern of it to the liberated peoples.

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In Bari, for example, we founded the *Gazzetta del Mezzogiorno,* which soon became not only the best paper in southern Italy, but the best paper that region had ever known. But unfortunately at that time the Allied Control Commission was established nearby at Brindisi, where were also Marshal Badoglio and the King. There we fought a daily battle for the *Gazzetta,* accused of partiality because it was not partial to the decrepit monarch or damned as reactionary because it was hobbled by no party line.

WE were bedeviled by the success of our papers. They were nice instances of the creation of property out of nothing. They were edited in rented or requisitioned offices; they were printed by contract on other people's presses. They didn't own so much as a typewriter. Yet as soon as the paper was founded its name became a valuable property. Intense rivalry arose as to who should fall heir to this property when we left. Even if we had avoided this difficulty by ceasing publication and tying up the copyright of the name—which would have been an injustice to the local staff, whose devotion had built up the paper—what could we do with the bank balance? This money could not by law go into OWI or the British MOI account. It could not even be switched to pay for other propaganda activities in Italy which were being financed out of the OWI and MOI budgets.

We solved the problem in Florence by allocating accumulated profits, amounting after three months' occupation to more than 2,000,000 lire ($20,000), to refugee relief and making over the paper itself to the municipality of Florence, which thus became, as far as I know, the first city to own a profitable newspaper whose earnings went to swell the city treasury. In every case we tried to insure that succession to the paper should be either non-partisan or a board representing all parties, and that editorial opinion should reflect national welfare rather than party advantage. Obviously it could never function perfectly. There is always too much honest difference of opinion as to what national welfare demands.

But it came very near perfection in Austria. Both in Salzburg and Linz we were able to assemble men of public spirit willing to sink party differences for the public good. The development of a characteristic operation in which a paper founded and originally published by Information Services Branch was gradually turned over to Austrian ownership and operation is worth examining in some detail.

We can take Linz as an example, because it is much more of an average Teutonic town than Salzburg, where there have always been strong international relationships which make it non-representative. Linz is a market town on the Danube. Hitler went to the Realschule there. He got very bad marks and didn't like the place, so he transferred to Steyr, taking with him the worst report card ever carried by a scholar out of Linz—it noted him as "Unsatisfactory" in mathematics, geography, German, science, and art, "Adequate" in religious studies, and "Very Good" in history! After the Anschluss the Nazis established the vast Hermann Goering Steelworks in Linz, and German workers and semi-slave labor flocked in. The works were heavily damaged during the war, and were only operating a very small part of their capacity when we came in.

These historical factors meant that Linz might be difficult to handle politically. The old residents were strongly Nazi, because Hitler had built the town up. The native workers were communist, because they were unemployed (until the Russian Army's conduct made communism unpopular in Austria). The displaced persons' hands were against all men.

On June 6, 1945, I sent an ISB detachment from Salzburg to Linz under Major O. Paul Herzig with instructions to take over local printing plants and publish a German-language daily for Upper Austria. Five days later the *Oberoesterreichische Nachrichten* appeared with a circulation of 60,000, which jumped rapidly to 200,000. There it was pegged owing to newsprint shortage. It had two pages at first and no advertising. It sold for 20 groschen—two cents—which was profitable. Albert Reid and Arnold Barach founded it. Barach stayed on as editor until it was turned over to the Austrians.

This took place October 6, 1945, exactly four months after the arrival of the ISB detachment in Linz. The paper was turned over to six residents of Linz, all men of anti-Nazi record and democratic turn of mind, who pledged themselves to give the people of Upper Austria unbiased and factual news. They were drawn from the six recognized political parties, and in private life were respectively professor, publisher, reporter, lawyer, and trade union organizer. The sixth had spent so much of his time being chivied by Austrian or German Nazis that he had little opportunity to be anything but a political prisoner. All had graduated from the best concentration camps.

THE charter of this group required them to maintain the paper in conformity with the principles of a free and independent press. An advisory board representing all elements of the community was established to discuss and formulate policy. One-third of the profits of the paper were to be used to finance publication of books and periodicals of democratic interest, one-third went to the employees of the paper, and one-third to the establishment of a sinking fund for the construction of a modern, cooperatively-owned printing plant.

When the *Oberoesterreichische Nachrichten* began publication it was a monopoly. The old Nazi papers had been suppressed the day our troops captured Linz. No new papers could appear without our permission. We used the first two months to study quietly the possibilities of local coun-

(*Continued on page* 37)

After the liberation in Italy and Austria our Psychological Warfare Bureau tried to "train non-Fascists in the technique of newspaper editing, which Mussolini, and to a lesser degree Hitler, had always maintained as a closed party preserve."

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The Prevention of War

THE STRENGTH WE NEED. A Military Program for America Pending Peace. By George Fielding Eliot. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 261 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

CLEMENCEAU used to say that war is too important a matter to leave to generals. The remark, frequently misinterpreted, was current in Paris after the First World War. This was an era when generals were at a considerable discount and many thought it a merited dig at the questionable competence of the general officers of that war. Perhaps in part it was, but Clemenceau had a deeper meaning. Major Eliot expresses the same thought in these words: "The natural conservatism of the older military minds must be guarded against by a thorough integration of the military, scientific, and industrial thought of the nation in our military policies."

The military leaders of this country agree most heartily with Major Eliot, and have been and are working closely with the best scientific and industrial minds. I would go further and include the social scientists in the essential integration needed for effective national security. Furthermore an intelligent and well informed public opinion concerning the needs of security is likewise most necessary today. Major Eliot's logical and easy-to-read explanation of these needs provides an eminently satisfactory means of educating our people.

The sub-title of the book should be carefully noted in the light of Major Eliot's irrefutable statement that: "American weakness and unreadiness during the interval before peace would . . . be an invitation to any who might prefer unfettered dominance to the rule of law."

Major Eliot is a competent guide. He hammers away at the fundamentals without fear of repetition because he knows he must reiterate the necessity for "ready power" in the modern world. He is realistic, doubtless painfully realistic to the civilian reader. The wishful thinker, those who prove by their heedlessness that there is nothing to be learned from history, will dislike his postulates and principles. Let them refute Major Eliot's arguments if they can. His conclusions are based on sound premises and admirably stated and expanded within the easy comprehension of any layman.

We can ill afford to neglect semantics. Formerly we talked about national defense. Major Eliot quite properly would ban that worse than useless and decidedly harmful conception. There is no such thing as defense today except in a most restricted sense. The realist instead sees "offensive readiness" as the sole effective way to prevent war. Potential power is a delusion that can cost us dear. Power in being is the requisite novelty in our military policy that may prevent war, and alone can win a war under modern conditions. What will restrain an aggressor, save the full knowledge that we can instantly carry war in retribution to the enemy?

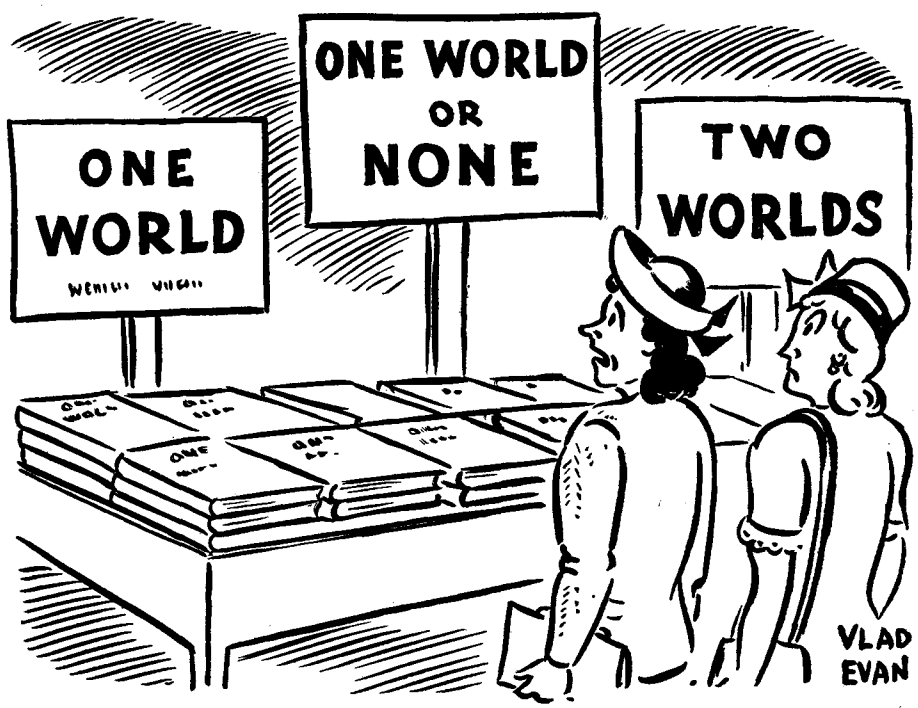
An examination of the relative positions of the great world protagonists leads Major Eliot to conclude that a war between Russia and the Western nations is unlikely for the immediate future. This conclusion is based on the existing military situation. We therefore have a time interval to increase the effectiveness of international cooperation and to work toward the goal of good faith between nations. In the meantime the security of America and Britain is an indivisible unity. Moreover our security will be enhanced by a strong united China and India.

These latter considerations prove how intimate is or should be the relationship between our military and foreign policies. Policy and strategy cannot be divorced. They are mutually interdependent. They should both be directed toward providing "security against the total destruction of another war, and security in which to try to lay the foundations of world-wide law." Of course it follows that our State Department officials are part and parcel of the civilians who cooperate closely with the military and naval leaders in formulating military policy.

The atomic bomb profoundly altered the conditions of world security, but, the fearful should remember this: "A nation contemplating a surprise attack against the United States would have to make very sure that it could paralyze our power of reprisal with its first blows; otherwise it would just be committing suicide." The United States and Great Britain form the strongest sea and air power in the world, as Russia is the strongest land power.

Another point to be considered is that air power has shifted the possible direction of attack from east or west to the north. The author discusses the effects of these basic facts and concludes that air power is the primary element in our national security. His estimate of the organization and the actual strength of air, sea, and ground forces we need in consequence of these factors is clearly stated and proved.

The aim of this book is the prevention of war. That must likewise be our national objective. Since a sound military policy will help to prevent wars which must inevitably be internecine in the atomic age, the situation should be studied conscientiously by all American citizens. Major Eliot's book is recommended as a thorough and honest analysis of our need for security and of the minimum requirements for attaining that security.



"I wish they'd make up their minds."

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Wheeler and "The Company"

THE PLOT AGAINST AMERICA. By David George Kin. Missoula, Montana. John F. Kennedy. 1946. 394 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES VAN DEVANDER

MONTANA is not the only state in which politics and government are unduly influenced by one or two large corporations. But the domination of Montana by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company has been so complete and so long continued that the state stands unique as a horrible example of what happens when the power of private interests proves superior to that of the people, as expressed through government.

The people of Montana—those who have any worldly position or possessions to protect—live under a long-standing company terror. Most of them are dependent on "The Company," directly or indirectly. "The Company" is omnipresent. It controls the state's numerous daily newspapers, with few exceptions, and it impartially labels one half of them "Democratic" and the other half "Republican." Opposition to "The Company" is furtive and whispered. There are many possibilities of reprisal against a rebellious individual or against members of his family, and all of them have been used at one time or another.

The fact that this state loosed upon the nation such a controversial figure as Burton K. Wheeler more than invites—it demands—a study of Montana and Wheeler and their interwoven destinies.

But David George Kin, who undertook the job in "The Plot Against America," has not met that demand. A conscientious compilation of the case against Wheeler proved too exacting a task for his brilliant exuberance. Moreover, Kin is too much concerned over an ailing world to concentrate his attention on a laboratory specimen of its ills, which he rightly recognizes Montana to be.

He offers Montana and its Wheeler as Exhibit A in a book whose primary aim is to demonstrate "the moral and spiritual decay of capitalist culture in America." Wheeler and Company fascism in Montana become (to Kin) miniatures of Truman and Wall Street fascism in the United States. This conception, whatever else may be said about it, is not conducive to a sharply drawn book about "Senator Wheeler and the forces behind him," as the subtitle of Kin's book puts it. There are too many differences between the personalities, ideals, goals, and obvious motivations of Wheeler and Truman to make the comparison other than fantastically misleading, to say nothing of its offensiveness.

—*World Wide.*

This book "offers Montana and Wheeler as Exhibit A . . . to demonstrate 'the moral decay of capitalist culture in America'."

But under the influence of Kin's sophomoric enthusiasm for the Marxist interpretation of history, Wheeler and Truman become indistinguishable, because they are both "liberals" and both symbols for "the capitalist man" of the decaying present, as opposed to his ideal "socialist man" of the future. Perhaps the most representative sentence in the book is this one: "I think B. K. is still the leading liberal of the Treasure State because he knows that liberals are bound to the dying body of the capitalist system, which is moving furiously toward fascism in an effort to save itself."

As far as Wheeler is concerned, the book is a classic example of the "smear" technique. Everything is alleged or insinuated; little is proved, even to the willing believer. Wheeler's initials are expanded into "Boodle Kid," "Bloody Knife," "Butte Crackpot," and a dozen other equally uncomplimentary, and, in themselves, unconvincing substitutes for his baptismal names.

The reader will search unsuccessfully in this volume for an insight into the factors which led to Wheeler's defeat for renomination to the Senate. Insofar as the book itself was a factor in the Montana campaign, its prejudice and general looseness must have reacted in Wheeler's favor. President Truman was stung by it into an endorsement of Wheeler which he might otherwise not have issued.

In some of its passages the book becomes incredibly irresponsible. "Hitler's corpse has been resurrected and is now sleeping in the White House bed," Kin cries out. In other passages the author becomes incredibly naive. "I have a terrible longing to go to Russia and see how the future works," he says in a confidence that he might better have reserved for a more intimate audience.

And in many other places the writing is incredibly bad. It is particularly bad when the author is discussing his subject with "Miss Autumn," an embarrassingly intellectual ex-burlesque queen turned socialist, whose comments form a thread, or possibly a manila rope, on which the story is strung.

"The Plot Against America" is a carelessly written and far from solid work. Its chief merit is the vitality with which it recaptures the intellectual excitement of the sophomore who has just discovered Karl Marx. Kin still hasn't grown up.

Burning-Glass

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

A BURNING-GLASS is focused on this instant,
This conscious second so intense to you,
And it will spiral into flame and climb
Forever higher, a recurring constant,
Burning a cylinder completely through
The tissue layers of transparent time.

What concentrates the rays on this one moment,
Carving a circular and endless series,
The sun himself enlisted in its cause?
What holds the convex lens and drops the plummet,
True weight concentering a thousand storeys,
A stairwell through the volume of the house?

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Three Books on the Why of Race Prejudice

GLASS HOUSE OF PREJUDICE. By Dorothy W. Baruch. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1946. 205 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by VARIAN FRY

THIS is that rare and valuable thing, a book on race prejudice which is wholly free of indignation. Such a book is valuable because indignation gets us nowhere. Instead of helping, it hinders. If race prejudice is to be reduced and its worst consequences avoided, we must understand its deepest causes. That means that we must study it with cold objectivity, as laboratory technicians study smears and specimens for evidences of disease.

Dr. Baruch is not only a social scientist but a "consulting psychologist." Her brief and very readable book is divided into three parts. The first is a series of well told examples of race prejudice in action, some of them of great poignancy. The second is an attempt to explain the causes of race prejudice in terms of depth psychology. The third suggests some possible cures.

It is Dr. Baruch's thesis that race prejudice is due very largely to the phenomenon known as "displacement." In other words, we feel hostility toward a member of another race not really because of any of the reasons usually given, but because we have displaced onto him the unconscious hostility toward someone—usually a parent or a sibling—which is locked up within us. The basic cure of race prejudice, therefore, is to bring up to the level of consciousness, through consultations with trained psychologists, the real objects of the displaced hostilities. Once the mechanisms are understood and the true hostilities accepted and mastered, the race prejudice will disappear.

Dr. Baruch gives a number of examples of successful treatment of race prejudice according to this method. Most of her examples are of children and adolescents, in whom the hostilities are close beneath the surface of consciousness, and so can readily be examined. It is doubtful whether in older persons the method would succeed so easily, for in them the hostilities are likely to be far more deeply repressed, and the displacement patterns hardened and buttressed with elaborate rationalizations. Certainly in many cases only complete psychoanalysis would serve to cure the irrational racial prejudices of adults. And complete analysis is too lengthy and too expensive for any but the relatively well to do.

There is still another difficulty in the way of achieving a substantial abatement of racial prejudice on a large scale. Even if psychological consultations and, when indicated, complete analyses were available at low cost or actually no cost at all, the worst offenders would never seek that kind of help. It would certainly have been better for humanity in general and the Jews of Europe in particular if Adolf Hitler had been able to vent his unconscious hostility against his father in daily sessions with an analyst instead of displacing it onto millions of helpless victims. But who could ever have persuaded Adolf Hitler to consult an analyst and submit to an analysis?

Perhaps, some day, we shall learn to recognize irrational race prejudices as dangerous to society, and isolate their victims, as we now isolate the victims of contagious infections. Then, once they have been isolated, we may, with skilful handling, be able to induce their victims to submit to treatment. Until that day comes, however, it seems unlikely that Dr. Baruch's method, enlightened and intelligent though it is, will be able to eliminate a racial prejudice in more than a relatively few individuals.

Freud once said that, ideally, one-half of humanity should analyze the other half all the time. But then, he asked, who would analyze the analysts? That is really the problem. We are on the right track at last—the track indicated by Dr. Baruch—but it will take generations and perhaps centuries for even the most enlightened communities to eliminate irrational racial prejudices altogether.

Prejudice.

COLOR BLIND: A WHITE WOMAN LOOKS AT THE NEGRO. By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1946. 163 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THE Timid Souls said that there would be "trouble." You just couldn't let Negro servicemen ask white girls to dance. Yet in the course of four years, writes Miss Halsey, the Stage Door Canteen, with its no-discrimination policy, "entertained about three million, two hundred thousand servicemen. . . ." With so large and varied a pastorate, it was reasonable to expect that occasions might sometimes arise wherein one warrior would decide to hell with Socratic dialogue and take a poke at another warrior. For this contingency provision was made. The orchestra was instructed if a fight threatened to play "The Star Spangled Banner," during which all servicemen have to stand at attention.

> The arrangement turned out to be almost unnecessary. In four years there were only two such contretemps. Once a white Marine tried to pull a Negro sailor away from a white girl he was dancing with. And once an argument between a white Canadian sailor and a white American sailor about whether the United States was pulling its weight in the war degenerated into fisticuffs. In both cases the national-anthem technique worked perfectly. . . . For us the "trouble" so often envisioned by those of little faith turned out to be purely imaginary.

What the Timid Souls meant by "trouble" was, of course, Sex. "To that tindery and inflammable entity, the American imagination, the word 'trouble' suggests . . . millions of beautiful white girls being seduced by Negro men with the machinelike regularity of a sexual Willow Run. Whereupon each beautiful white girl produces—almost instantly, too—a coal-black baby with purple highlights. In the American imagination, when the word 'trouble' is invoked, these coal-black babies patter down into the national scene like berries into a quart measure."

As a matter of fact, writes Miss Halsey, with dead-pan seriousness, the production of coal-black babies by white women "is not the lead-pipe cinch it is dreamed to be. . . . Owing to the appetites of the Caucasian males and the helplessness of many Negro women to defend themselves against these appetites, the Negro American is getting whiter all the time."

And so the record of the Canteen stands. There was no trouble: neither race riots nor the "begetting of 'coal-

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black' babies upon white Junior Hostesses." "Our Junior Hostesses were expected to talk to and dance with any serviceman, regardless of race, creed, or color, who was not drunk or otherwise offensive. But courtesy is not copulation, as all courteous people know, and none of our white Junior Hostesses had to go home to Papa with an interracial baby wrapped up in an old plaid shawl."

This is a refreshingly brave book. Miss Halsey has done a rare job of reporting an experiment in human courtesy that many people would have deemed impossible. For four years she was a captain of Junior Hostesses. Her job was to induct white Junior Hostesses into a delicate situation in which, with "a couple of weather-beaten documents called the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence" back of them, they were to do the unheard-of thing of treating Negro servicemen as if they were human beings. In addition, her job was to induct Negro Junior Hostesses into a situation where they might easily be insulted by white men.

This book is also the record of what Miss Halsey herself learned about Negroes and whites. Since she swings no mean I.Q., what she came to learn stands up with the best of what our most careful thinkers have so far discovered.

For its beautiful ingenuousness and devastating logic I would give the prize to her chapter on "Sex, Jealousy, and the Negro." "In the final analysis," she writes, "what segregation and discrimination and 'keeping the nigger in his place' amount to is this: that white males never have to compete on a footing of equality with Negro males for any woman, Negro or white. And when people shrink from competition and arrange matters so that they never have to compete, there is only one possible interpretation: those people are afraid they cannot win."

She digs down deeper, however, than the dark legend of Sex. The Sex legend, she shows, is a red herring concealing a rather shabby economic motive. "Some of our citizens . . . would like to keep the Negro as a supply of cheap labor." Since in a democracy that kind of wish cannot be openly admitted, the tall lie is trotted out: "Negro men have an obsessional desire to marry or to ravish white women." She gives chapter and verse to prove how tall that lie is.

Margaret Halsey has done a grand job. She has turned the record of a personal experience into a profoundly revealing social document. Also, she has done the rare thing of writing a book that is not only scientifically accurate and soundly practical but a delight to read.

—Woodcut by H. W. Irvine.

NOT WITH THE FIST. By Ruth D. Tuck. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 234 pp. $3.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

SOMETIMES a prejudice that seems so firmly intrenched as to be impregnable may be touched sharply in an unexpected place and jolted into self-consciousness. Miss Tuck tried that one day by reading a few sentences to a group of most prejudiced listeners. They were:

> It cannot be said that he ordinarily is of a provident disposition; he lives in the present and worries comparatively little about the future. He is not extravagant in any particular way, but is wasteful in every way; it is his nature to drift where he ought to plan and economize. This disposition, combined with an ever-present tendency to drink too much, is liable to result in insecure employment and small income. And, to make matters worse, in families of this kind children are born with reckless regularity.

Now these sentences would make a nice test of conditioned responses almost anywhere in the United States. Read them to a sampling of solid, third-generation, property-holding citizens in any region of the country, and the response is apt to be one of hearty agreement; but—the identification will vary. Depending upon where you choose to read this list of symptoms, they will be recognized as belonging to the Negro in one place, in another to the Italian, or to the Puerto Rican, or to the Pole. Miss Tuck read them in a small city in the Southwest, and her listeners agreed enthusiastically, "The Mexicans!" Yet these statements, it pleased her to reveal, were originally made in Boston a few generations ago, and about the Irish.

The point is clear enough and needs no laboring. The established population anywhere has a stereotype of legendary inferiority which it affixes to whatever "immigrants" are last to appear upon the scene, or to any unestablished or disestablished group. The stereotype is legendary because it has no relationship to reality or honest judgment; it does not depend upon the people to whom it is applied—any people will do, and if they do not fit it naturally they are made to fit it. If you deny to one group of people an education equal to yours, they will somehow turn out to be uneducated. If you don't let them work, they will be shiftless and unemployed. If you crowd them into narrow and unhygienic quarters, bar them from social equality, insult them with legal and political distinctions, in person and in toto, somehow they will become resentful, undisciplined, sporadically violent, not the best citizens. It is easy to show all this. Miss Tuck has made a very careful study of a city she calls Descanso, in the Southwest, where the problem is called the Mexican problem. Here you can read how the tough pioneer early stock, exactly forty years away from mule teams, picks and shovels, and jerked beef, has risen to the point where it says, every day and with steady indignation, "Public education is all right but we don't want Mexicans going to the same schools as our children," and "Let Mexicans in the district and you bring down property values," and all the rest of the familiar nightmare phrases. The Mexican problem? It is the American problem, the problem of the minority group everywhere, the problem of the melting pot with the leavening agent spoiled and curdling in the mixture.

Why has it happened? Perhaps the book we need is the one with an answer to that. Miss Tuck says it has happened quite unawares and without malice, not with the fist but rather with the elbow, in passing. She says that we are indeed catching ourselves up short, and that the consistent fight against scapegoat racism is spreading. Hers is first a diagnostic and then a hopeful book. It may be that she is right. Maybe a graph of the emotional climate across the length and breadth of the land will bear it out, despite the local ugliness that seems to crop up everywhere about us. Certainly her cool, dispassionate analysis of one characteristic local sore is unsparing in its detail. If people really do these things unwittingly, with their elbows, and if the knowledge of what they are doing will bring them to their senses, then this can be a valuable book.

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Small Girl in India

THE RIVER. By Rumer Godden. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 176 pp. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THE English language is so often the sad captive of bad masters that to see it become fresh and evocative in the hands of a conscious and responsible artist such as Rumer Godden is to experience an exhilarating shock of recognition. Under a sort of alchemy while she practises, the simple, daily words seem to show forgotten facets, to take on a kind of shine, as though she deliberately set them out, like prisms, where they will best catch the light.

This is the sort of writing which gave such distinction to "Black Narcissus" and "Take Three Tenses," the only two previous books of hers I have read, and which make them still so pungent in my memory. I am pleased to report that she has continued her sorcery in this new novel, "The River," and that here may be found the same bright surfaces and profound depths, the pure design, the prose which is at once limpid and aromatic, the same refusal to send so much as a phrase on a fool's errand. It is a short book, brief without abruptness, but it covers all points of the emotional compass and is, in my opinion, as good in its way as any work which she has done.

Inasmuch as "The River" presents an uncontrived calendar of experience, rather than plot, the effect is one of spontaneous design. It would be better still to say that the story has a course, like that of the river which flowed by the house where Harriet lived, in Bengal; the river whose insistent sounds, with the puff-wait-puff of the jute-pressing mill, punctuated the silences of that brief Indian winter. For the movement of Miss Godden's novel is riparian and inexorable, as inevitable as the passage of time, a time, in this case, which stole Harriet's childhood. All children come to know this aching period of transition. It is the time when the bright, enclosing world which we never doubted would last forever suddenly vanishes, and we hear a door closing upon childhood. And Rumer Godden has made it so poignant in this novel that I cannot think at the moment of a contemporary writer who has remembered it better or expressed it so well.

For Harriet that winter was a season of forced and bruising growth. Above her and below her were those she loved and whom she could not quite reach. She might still race

Rumer Godden refuses "to send so much as a phrase on a fool's errand."

about the garden with her younger brother Bogey, but it wasn't the same. Bea, who was older, was moving away from her, maddeningly, into the supercilious realm of young womanhood. And Captain John, a young man grown quickly old in a war, and whom Harriet loved passionately and hopelessly, seemed to have eyes only for Bea. Nan, the Anglo-Indian servant, indigenous and wise, stated it:

"If I were you," said Nan, "I should keep to playing with Bogey."
"I am too big to play with Bogey," said Harriet angrily.
"You are too small for Captain John," said Nan.

Against such things Harriet used the devices of a lonely child: there was the cork-tree which stood in the garden, and with which she felt a strange affinity; there was the place at the end of the jetty where she could feel that she was a part of the river; and the alcove under the stair where she kept the notebooks in which she wrote her secret thoughts and the urgent poems which seemed to unfold like flowers in her head and which, she was certain, would some day make her famous. But even these things were no charm against the wounds of that season, the winter when her world fell to pieces and a new, strange world took its place, bringing the realities of death and birth, of cruelty and retribution, and, finally, the beginning of acceptance which is also the beginning of wisdom.

There is in "The River," if one cares to look for it, a kind of unobtrusive symbolism. The death of a child becomes the death of childhood. There is a serpent, a cobra, which some will say is surely the Serpent in the Garden, the murderer of innocence. There is Harriet's kite-flying, which may or may not be the image of dreaming ambition. But these are the things to ponder after reading, for I assure you "The River" is so intense, so quietly demanding of attention, that at the time there will be nothing in your thoughts but a small girl in India, and the people and the place that were her world.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 655)

GRAHAM HUTTON:
MIDWEST AT NOON

Midwesterners will change progressively faster as the years go by, . . . the change of growth . . . that . . . affects and even changes others. In that sense it is creative and influential. It may well be decisive in American affairs, as it often was.

Good Fantasy

MR. MERGENTHWICKER'S LOBBLIES AND OTHER FANTASTIC TALES. By Nelson Bond. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 243 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MR. M. was a meek little man who had two lobblies, Henry and Japheth, who were invisible and embarrassed their human friend, when he did not provide them with enough beer, by pinching lovely girls in places and making suggestions that were indecent—at least, on a bus. They were, however, able to predict bank robberies and such things and the young reporter whom Mr. M.—it is against union rules to repeat the name in full—consulted, saw the way to fortune when M. was permanently incapacitated in rescuing Henry from a truck.

The story has been so widely reprinted that it is probably familiar to most friends of the fantastic. Several others of the thirteen stories are fairly familiar, but it is pleasant to have them all in one book.

There is too much use of the time-dimension variants but it isn't necessary to read all the stories at once. Egbert Haw neatly combines all of the talking-horse chestnuts now mercifully passed from our suffering brows—but with a neat twist.

Not Saki or John Collier, but very good fantasy.

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The Gospel According to Graves

KING JESUS. By Robert Graves. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1946. 424 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

IT is related in the canonical gospels that the Roman soldiers who crucified Jesus placed above His head an inscription "The King of the Jews." With these words the legionaries mocked the Nazarene carpenter as they nailed Him to the cross. In the gospel according to Robert Graves, the inscription was not hung there in mocking ridicule. Pontius Pilate, one of a small number who knew that Jesus was in reality the king of the Jews, ordered it done. Mr. Graves's unorthodox, apochryphal, and startling hypothesis that Jesus was the grandson of Herod the Great is the initial assumption in a highly original but completely reverent reconstruction of Jesus's nativity and existence on earth.

Although Mr. Graves rejects the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, he is justified in claiming "it will be clear at least that I respect Jesus as having been more uncompromising, more consistent, and more loyal to his God than even most Christians allow." Jesus scrupulously observed the Mosaic Law and adhered to a rigid monotheism that worshiped the God of Israel as the only true God. He preached the early coming of the Kingdom of God to fulfill the ancient prophecies. Jesus was a sacred king who was indifferent to temporal power, who refused all royal pomp, who looked forward to a peaceful union of all peoples of the earth in the Kingdom that would at last defeat Death itself.

Mr. Graves's interest lies in the development of Jesus's character and in explaining his personality and mission in the light of the spiritual doctrines of Jewish and pagan mysticism. Like St. Luke, he is a biographer who loves to dwell on the men and women with whom Jesus lived and worked, on the influence on Jesus of His times and environment told by a man who was almost a contemporary. For Mr. Graves uses the effective device of having as narrator an Alexandrian scholar, Agabus, who is presumed to write down what he learned concerning Jesus about the same time that St. Luke wrote his gospel.

The birth of Jesus was not unlooked for. Simon, the High Priest at Jerusalem, arranged a secret marriage between Antipater, the son of Herod, and Mary of the line of David. He hopefully anticipated the millennium and the birth of a future ruler and savior of Israel from this union of two royal lines. But immediately after the marriage, Antipater left for Rome, and his death at the hands of Herod left Mary a widow with her unborn child. Mary was at once wed to the feeble old widower Joseph to furnish an ostensible father for the future Jesus.

The gospels tell us little about Jesus before His thirtieth year. Mr. Graves describes Jesus's youth and education, His profound religious faith, and he invents an unconsummated marriage with Mary, the sister of Lazarus, that is the essential element in defining Jesus's struggle with the "power of the female." "The Female is Lust, the First Eve, who delays the hour of perfection," but Jesus's war with the Female ends in defeat.

The religion of Jesus develops gradually during His life and is strangely at variance with the Christian religion about Jesus. Mr. Graves includes much that is in the Synoptic Gospels, but frequently reinterprets the well-known episodes and parables or relates them in a new context. For instance, Mr. Graves has undeniably increased the dramatic intensity of St. Luke's "Nunc Dimittis" by altering the background of these lovely verses. In the gospel according to St. Luke, Simeon, recognizing the infant Christ in his arms, utters the words beginning, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." In Graves's version, Simeon speaks these moving lines as Jesus, grown to manhood, resists the temptation of the forty days in the wilderness and convinces the old priest that his efforts to provide a redeemer have not been in vain. Another surprise in store for the reader is to learn that Judas understands Jesus better than the other apostles and merely carries out Jesus's own command in turning Him over to the authorities. Many details are added by the imaginative Mr. Graves, who insists, however, that there is an historical or legendary basis for everything included in his fictionalized biography of Jesus.

Few modern writers of historical novels can compare with Robert Graves for his profound learning and his careful relation of his stories to their historical background. Many devout Christians will doubtless be shocked by this extraordinary life of Jesus. Some readers will find the details of myth and ritual of the pagan and Jewish faiths difficult reading that obstructs the story. Certainly Mr. Graves's solution of the nativity problem will arouse violent controversy, as will much else in the book, but the Jesus of his story is undeniably a man of divine character and purpose if not of divine nativity.

—From the painting by Hieronymous Bosch.

The Way to Calvary.

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Mr. Asch's Ambitious Novel

EAST RIVER. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 448 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THERE are two strong elements in the work of Sholem Asch. Either of them, fully expressed, would suffice to establish the talents of any lesser man, and it is because he is possessor and master of both, because they run through his work like twin roots, that Asch is one of the greatest of contemporary writers. One element, the earlier and the simpler, is the lusty earthiness of the Jewish folk tale, salted alike by tears and irrepressible, uproarious laughter, gnarled with eccentricity of character and bathed in the warmth of sentiment without measure. Such a tale is "Mottke the Thief." The other element derives from that part of the Jewish spirit which is monastic and consecrated in tone, from the scholastic idealism which lifts its eyes to a vision of absolute ethics quite beyond sect and schism, and is blinded by what it beholds, as the Jewish prophet of old was blinded by his vision of God. Such an expression is "The Nazarene." Asch has worked in both of his vineyards with equal potency; it was inevitable that one day he would wish to graft one fruit upon the other. His latest novel seems to me such a grafting, the Jewish folk humor and the stark, soaring Jewish messianic fervor, run together. It is a big, ambitious novel, striving greatly, achieving much less than it grasps at, yet rich in the beauty and vigor of its thrust.

The materials of the book are drawn from the yeasty stew of New York's East Side. On East 48th Street, at the very brink of the River, before the days of the fashionable apartment dwellings and the oily sleekness of the parkway, there dwelt one colony of immigrant Jews, alike in its components to the other colonies up and down First Avenue. They clung to their ancient comfortable rituals even as they dissipated their bodily energies recklessly in sweated labor to establish a toehold in the city's economy. Their children moved more easily among the New World miracles; they went to school or to business, they cast a skeptical eye upon their parents, and they left everything behind at last, the sweat and the ritual, the old language and the old neighborhood. The East River to the Hudson. But here in the very process of change, of a people moulting visibly, there was the concerted and desperate need to gloss it with the pretense that it was not so. At the moment of death for a way of life they acted out a charade of immortality. They assumed the familiar postures of dance and worship and waggery, as though they were at the beginning of the play. Thus we have the basic element of the book, this group of lusty earthy figures tracing their folk patterns among the gutters of New York precisely as they would in the gutters of Poland and Russia: Schmulevitch and his pious poultry business; Harry Greenstock the politician and his champion pigeons; Heimowitz the neighborhood socialist, and Chaim the neighborhood invalid; and Moshe Wolf Davidowsky, the saintly grocer.

It is out of this old and fertile earth that the element of philosophical idealism comes burgeoning like an exotic flower. It is not a vital or a happy bloom, although I wish Asch had made it so; for his personification of aspiring intellectualism in Nathan Davidowsky serves to perpetuate further the unecessary literary tradition of the genius in a withered frame, as though they were a natural conunction. What has happened to the concept of a sound mind in a sound body? Nathan Davidowsky is a son of the good and pious grocer. Crippled by infantile paralysis, he lies at first in bitter darkness of spirit. He is a conscious battlefield upon which the desire for death and the desire for life contend. In the tracing of this struggle, deep in the recesses of Nathan's consciousness and out along every quivering nerve, Asch employs a metaphysical analysis of the subtleties of thought that is masterful. It is the tortuous finesse of Talmudic commentary applied to

Sholem Asch's reach exceeds his grasp yet his book is "rich in the beauty and vigor of its thrust."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"FROM OFFICE BOY TO PRESIDENT"

Each of the characters in this week's quiz rose from a humble beginning to worldly success. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. As office boy to an attorney's firm he cleaned the windows, swept the floor, and polished up the handle on the big front door so carefully that he became First Lord of the Admiralty.
2. From a peddler of pins, pots, and potions, he rose to be governor of the Magnolia State.
3. Once an inmate of a London debtor's prison, he migrated to Australia and became a highly esteemed magistrate.
4. This college cut-up was "converted" at a revival, became a Baptist preacher, and finally wound up as the sensationally successful pastor of a rich Methodist church.
5. Formerly a Pullman porter, in two years he became emperor of a tribe of West Indian natives.
6. After escaping from the galleys, this convict became a rich manufacturer and mayor of the town in which he lived.
7. Once a clerk in a general store in Simsbury, Illinois, he became a famous movie star.
8. This expert safe-cracker reformed and became the prosperous proprietor of a shoe store in Elmore, Arkansas.
9. Starting as a porter in a cheap hotel in order to support himself and his young son, he eventually became a co-owner of a chain of hotels.
10. After 14 years as a forgotten political prisoner in a dungeon, he escaped and presently returned to the world as a fabulously wealthy nobleman.

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mental crisis. The battle is won, and Nathan turns willingly to life. Inside his prison of physical impotency he forges the weapon of mind, like some maimed Siegfried. He examines and puts aside the assumptions of his religion and the prejudices of his class. He first draws his people to him in wonder and joy, then sees them turn from him in fear. The flower has strained at its roots in ecstasy and all but torn itself out of the earth.

This, in large, is the problem Asch has posed. I have not given the rich and particular data with which he has clothed it and brought it down to the realm of common living; for let it be remembered, Asch is devotedly the historian of the common folk (common in Lincoln's definition) and even when they wrestle with winged abstractions he will set their wrestling down in terms of food and drink and sleep and everyday speech. He can write of a Nazarene or a Nathan with the finest of perception, but he will record a Greenstock and a Heimowitz in the terms of their own earthbound mortality. There is more I might say of the book: of its topical use of the famous Triangle dress factory disaster, and the problem of Jew and gentile, and the brief walk-on of Franklin Roosevelt. These are incidents and accidents in the great parable that motivates "East River." Every reader will be able to recognize its spiritual eloquence, and find particular meaning in it for his own uses.

A Novel of Occupied Germany

THE LIBERATORS. By Wesley Towner. New York: A. A. Wyn, Inc. 1946. 276 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

FICTION, whether realistic or fantastic, is inevitably a middle ground or link between the fluctuating concrete reality, which men establish for themselves in their own image, and the fantasy, which men also establish for themselves, by which they dream. Fiction is also an interpretation, elucidation, confirmation, a critique, an escape to reality and an escape from it. But beyond this it is a creation. Biography, journalism, the essay recreate while reporting: fiction adds a dimension-creation. The function of the critic in estimating any book of fiction devolves then upon whether the book in hand is genuinely a creation in fictional terms of plot, character, mood (or atmosphere); whether the book is well written or not written at all—merely flung down on paper; whether the subject is important or unimportant. Sometimes the subject is, however, so important that the critic, putting aside the esthetic tenets of his profession, decides that the reading public must be encouraged to read the book for its subject alone—not for any felicities of style, character, structure. Wesley Towner's "The Liberators" is such a book.

"The Liberators" is an important book not because it introduces a new literary talent of major promise (it doesn't) but because it presents microcosmically a small section of the wickedness which has and is infecting our world. It is the story of what happens when American occupational forces move in on a small German city soon after victory. The protagonist, Christopher Day, tries to bring order out of the physical and mental chaos which is that city. He attempts "to punish constructively." His way is the positive way of all peace-loving men and women. He establishes a government of men of good will. He introduces sanitary measures. He provides food and freedoms. For a time his experiment works, but in the end it results disastrously because of human frailty, human corruption —because while many of us don't want to do evil we just can't help being selfish.

Two women, a German fräulein, Nora, and a Junker countess—the first with a blonde body beautiful, the second with a whim of iron—undo all the good work. Being women, they undo it by using their natural resources to involve two American soldiers. The villains in this piece are Germans, Americans—but most of all insularity. The world, it seems, has not learned the lesson of John Donne's or even Ernest Hemingway's "for whom the bell tolls." It cannot seem to grasp the fact that insularity and selfishness are synonymous.

"The Liberators" is a first novel. If Mr. Towner works at his craft he will doubtlessly write a better novel. In this one his writing runs from bad to good. His people are more flesh and blood than ink and paper because we know these people. We've met them before both in "real" life and in the extracurricular lives we lead in books, in the movies, on the stage, in magazines and papers, and on the air. Mr. Towner is so anxious for his readers to hear the whole unpleasant truth (about both Americans and Germans) that he overmanipulates his fiction. What he tells is indisputably true, but he connives rather too anxiously at the telling.

A story is, however, a hardy thing. It resists story-telling outrages and remains in the mind long after the artifices and inadequacies of its telling have faded. Read "The Liberators" for the story of greed, dishonesty, and downwright human wickedness it has to tell. Wait for Mr. Towner's next novel to judge him on his literary virtues.

"Hic!"

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Illuminated Image

STEFAN ZWEIG. By Friderike Zweig. New York: Crowell & Co. 1946. 227 pp. $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IN the early days of 1942, Stefan Zweig, then at the zenith of his literary fame, committed suicide in his Brazilian refuge. During his exile, he was not exposed to deadly dangers; he had to worry neither about passports nor about permits of stay, nor about money. But his heart became tired. Had he not put as a motto to a book about the demonical spirits of German letters the words of Nietzsche: "I love those who know how to live only as ones going down"? This might have been Stefan Zweig's own epitaph.

A short time after his death, his autobiography was published under the title "World of Yesterday." Strangely enough, the author of so many expertly written biographies, portrait sketches, and *biographies romancées* failed to give his readers a full-colored portrait of himself. This was due, first and foremost, to his shyness and modesty—reasons honoring the man but not satisfying the reader. Many of these, wishing to learn more about a beloved author, turned to Friderike Zweig, asking her as "the witness of a common life lasting more than a quarter of a century to speak of him more explicitly."

Mrs. Zweig does so in her book with the strictly limited purpose "to illuminate the image of a man clearly visible by world-fame, and yet detached from daily life." She does not assume the task of a critic. Even in dealing with Stefan Zweig's works at some length, she expressly makes the statement that "these sections of the book are intended as signposts, not as criticism."

This self-limitation has its very definite advantages and shortcomings. Mrs. Zweig, an able writer in her own right, succeeds in drawing a vivid picture of "the beloved man." From her book, we learn the external history of his life and much of the history of his character. There is a real illumination of his sensibility of his unrest, and of his noble passion for humanism.

To tell the story of one's own love requires tact and charm; to tell the story of one's own separation from a husband requires even more tact and poise. Mrs. Zweig is equal to both tasks—more than that, she handles both stories with supreme ease. But the biography of a writer is incomplete without a critical appraisal of his work. In Mrs. Zweig's illumination the dimensions of Stefan Zweig's literary stature cannot but grow beyond its real contour. With all due respect to Stefan Zweig's impressive literary gifts, it must be said that he was not the creator of a world in fiction like Balzac or Tolstoy, whom he immensely admired, nor were his ideas about history, art, or philosophy pregnant with genius. He certainly knew how to narrate and to give fictionalized shape to modern ideas. He was a bearer of enlightened entertainment, a splendid translator, an eloquent spokesman for humanistic causes. Many of his novelettes are today already obsolete; some of his essays and biographies will have a much longer life.

A few minor historical errors should be corrected when Mrs. Zweig's book goes into a second printing. Austrian Social Democrats did not vote for battleships during the First World War because there was no parliament in which to vote; on the other hand, German Social Democrats voted for battleships much later than Mrs. Zweig thinks they did. The monstrous Big Bertha was not of Austrian make—it was one hundred per cent German (Krupp). Finally, there was no Yugoslavia in 1916.

As a whole, Mrs. Zweig has written a very readable, warm, and vivid book of the type Stefan Zweig himself liked to write.

Down Mammary Lane

PIKES PEEK OR BUST. By Earl Wilson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 243 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ABEL GREEN

EARL WILSON has rapidly come to the fore in the current school of al fresco commentary, of the type which put H. Allen Smith, Mel Heimer, S. J. Perelman, and Maurice Zolotow on the literati map as regards screwball Americana. The *New York Post's* "saloon editor" achieved this a bit more atomically through a thoroughly uninhibited style of anatomic reporting. In what might be called the Jane Russell technique of journalism, Wilson is thoroughly outlaw in his scrivening. His daily sagas of falsies and derrieres, navels and novelties which "happened last night" on occasion have necessitated a pipeline to the Thackereys' (*Post* publishers) mouthpiece for OK.

Oddly enough Wilson is not deliberately vicious. Congenitally he's a kindly soul who specializes in strange kinds of subjects. Any spleen is usually the result of frank recounting of facts. He may angle it a bit—but then what good reporter doesn't?—but he doesn't completely distort.

His newest book, while less bawdy, is none the less appealing than his completely ribald "I Am Gazing into My 8-Ball" of last year. At least the overall impression of "Pike's Peek"—despite the Bali-bra connotation of the second portion of the title—is that this one is more good-humored and less Rabelaisian, although in actuality the manner of presentation of the contents has something to do with it.

In a large sense this book, his second, is an anthology of many of his *Post* pieces, with chapters frequently telescoping two or three ideas into good "takes." But there is also a plenitude of new material, heretofore unpublished.

His slants on the hips that pass in the night; the plunging-V decolletage; the frank assurance to the bouncing Jane ("The Outlaw") Russell that "I'm not going to write about busts any more"; the closeups on café characters like Joe E. Lewis of the Copacabasement; Mencken, Winchell, Jan Kiepura ("The Polish Ham"), The Voice's Bodyguard, Groucho Marx, Hollywood geniuses, Goldsteins in spades (twin pix biz execs, as we say on *Variety*), Toots Shor, Jimmy Walker, the cheesecake and G-string kings, the BW (Mrs. Wilson), Fred Allen, Berle (Adolf and Milton), the Brulatours—all these slants, while not pedantic, are ofttimes more appealing to certain readers than the Trieste problem. It has made for many new readers for the *Post* and, while a form of American postcard entertainment—journalistically speaking—it invariably concerns itself with forms that are more familiar to U. S. readers than what constitutes good form around the Paris peace table.

Wilson's observations are shrewd for all their zanyisms. His reportage is accurate in capturing the contemporary nitery scene. Flip quips, as he has preserved them in anthology form, still wear easy on the eye although, with the swiftly pacing months, some, understandably, appear dated, either as to theme or coinage. But in the main it's palatable Americana, not as spicy as "8-Ball," but seasoned by experience just as tasty.

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Rediscovering America

WALLACE STEGNER

PART THREE.

TUESDAY: Two days on Lake Mead, and an afternoon and evening going through the dam and the powerhouses, have made boosters of us. Nobody can visit Boulder Dam itself without getting that World's Fair feeling. It is certainly one of the world's wonders, that sweeping cliff of concrete, those impetuous elevators, the labyrinths of tunnels, the huge power stations. Everything about the dam is marked by the immense smooth efficient beauty that seems peculiarly American. Though no architect designed it and no one mind planned its masses and its details, it has the effect of great art. And the dam itself is only the beginning.

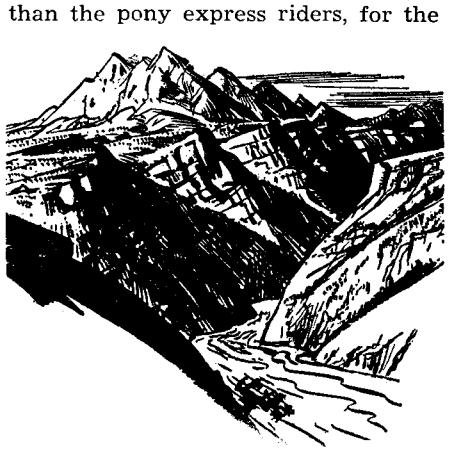
The tamed water of the Colorado is drunk in hundreds of thousands of southern California homes; it irrigates two million acres of desert land; it will generate, at full capacity, nearly six million kilowatt hours of electricity; it makes possible such big-time desert boomtowns as Henderson, between Boulder City and Las Vegas; it fructifies instead of flooding, the Imperial, Coachella, Yuma, and Palo Verde valleys. And in addition to this it provides, in Lake Mead and Parker Lake and the clear river between them, a tourist attraction that will certainly draw a thousand times more people into the desert than ever the gold and silver leads did. Otherwise inaccessible country is opened; camping is possible along 550 miles of shoreline without the desert necessity of packing water; the bass fishing is probably not surpassed anywhere, and there is no closed season. It is no wonder that Las Vegas, the nearest supply point, has been on a red-hot boom ever since work began on the dam. It will continue to boom. Perhaps the Reclamation Service's seismological stations will record the enormous shifting weight of tourist travel, and prosperity be measured by the seriousness of the earth tremors.

WEDNESDAY: If Searchlight, on the brink of a boom, depressed us, Las Vegas in the midst of one depresses us worse. In the 1920's, when it was simply a way station on the Los Angeles-Salt Lake highway, Vegas was a pleasant little desert town. But now it has gone Hollywood, gone glitter and glass and chrome. The streets are full of slickers in Tom Mix shirts; every building is a casino, and you cannot walk past any door without a one-armed bandit reaching out to shake hands.

We wander into the Golden Camel, which used to be a cool dark peekhole oasis in prohibition times, but the charm isn't there. The only correct note is a desert rat with a sheep dog. The rat puts a nickel in the juke box and the dog begins to dance, but the proprietor shoulders out of his office and puts dog and prospector out. This is not as it was. Neither is the sign we see as we shake the dust of Las Vegas from our feet. "Restricted Area of Small Ranches," it says. All the spiders are busily spinning webs around this corner of the desert.

Off to our left, as we run for Death Valley Junction, we see the enticing snowfields of Charleston Peak. These too, we know, have been booby-trapped by the spiders, and contain an all-year lodge in the movie manner. It is so hot that we are tempted to turn off, but resist. Our only contact with the snow mountains is a bald eagle we meet in the desert, perhaps a refugee from the Hollywood characters upstairs. He is a very well-grown fowl indeed, as high as a hydrant on his feet, and as big as a Piper Cub when he takes off.

This is a country where distances mean as little to men as to the eagle. The postmaster of Death Valley Junction commutes seventy miles, from Furnace Creek Ranch. He tells us of the Star Route driver who serves Death Valley with mail. This driver covers four hundred miles a day, from Yermo to Stovepipe Wells and back. He puts in a new engine every two months; what he does to renew himself the postmaster does not say. To us he seems somewhat more heroic than the pony express riders, for the country he drives through is blistered under temperatures up to 125 degrees. Down in the valley yesterday it was 110. And it is 95 here today.



—*Illustrations from "The Rocky Mountains."*

Dave and Miriam are already tired of paved roads. We inquire about the road up Greenwater Canyon, but nobody seems to know much about it. The storekeeper guesses it is passable, and at two o'clock we pull out.

There is a line of stones across the entrance to the Greenwater trail, but they merely whet Dave's appetite. He assures us that those are probably put there for casual tourists unprepared for desert travel. For several miles we bounce across scrubby flats, past an abandoned borax mine, and on into a shallow canyon. By now the road is definitely not good. In fact, there is no road, but only the flood-washed gravel. There are tire tracks, however, and the wash has nothing alarming about it. We creak and warp and bounce and low-gear our way on and up.

SEVERAL times we stick in deep sand and have to dig out. At 11.7 miles from the turn-off we get stuck again, just short of a sharp turn littered with boulders. We stop for twenty minutes to cool the motor, then shove out, swing wide, take the turn at a run, and crash over the bad spot. Nothing is broken, but it is blazing hot in the wash, the wind is behind us, and the radiator is already boiling again. Dave is very happy now, and full of admiration for the beauties of this scrubby little gulch. Everything on a back road always looks spectacular to him.

At 12.1 we meet our first native resident, a three-foot rattler under a mesquite bush. He strikes furiously at the stick I hold out, and when Page tosses gravel over him he goes into a continuous, hysterical rattle. The ladies screech from the car, so we leave the snake coiled in the midst of his own hysteria and go on, feeling rather virtuous not to have bashed his head in.

At 12.4 we meet rattler number two, a joker who plays dead in the road so that I stop indecisively, afraid Dave, who is pushing behind, might step on him. He looks dead enough, but I toss gravel to see. He explodes into a tense coil and strikes in my direction. With pieces of greasewood I keep him from sliding up into a crevice, while Dave takes his picture. This is a sidewinder, a smaller snake than the first one, but just as mad. Eventually we let him slide up into his cranny, and go on.

The road now is totally gone. We strain and creak over bare shelf-rock, rock over ledges, plow with every-

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body pushing through deep sand. At 13.1 we stick again and stop to let the motor cool. Our map shows 16.2 miles of this road before we hit a summit trail leading to the Dante's View road. Only three miles to go. We start again.

At 14.3 the hot motor vapor-locks, and we stall. To our right a burro trail leads off, and a sign says, "Painted Rocks." We know there are petroglyphs in this canyon, and are tempted, but the road is steep, the temperature well over a hundred. And it is already five o'clock. We have been three hours making fourteen miles. We decide to get through this in daylight, and after long grinding on the starter I get the engine going. Its whole sound and action seem blown and winded. We take a run, get out of the sand, jerk off across the sagebrush to avoid some boulders. My shoulders are tired from wrangling through sand and rocks.

Ahead is a narrow slot between two big boulders, the slot itself deep with sand, and beyond it a high crown grown with rabbit brush. There is nothing to do but hit it. The wheels begin to chatter, the whole body shudders and shakes, the pushers grunt and strain. Then there is that sudden settling that says the bottom has gone out, Dave yells, and I quit feeding her. There we sit, high-centered and dug in to the hubs, and the motor vapor-locks again.

WE wait fifteen minutes, a half hour, digging and brushing as we wait. Then I try the starter. Nothing happens. We wait some more and try again. Still nothing. Dave and I uncouple the gasoline and blow through it. Bubbles in the gas tank, so the line is all right. I open the line at the carburetor and step on the starter. One feeble spurt, and then no more. Immediately I give up. I have been intimidated by too many mechanics about fuel pumps. Their automatic assumption is that a balky pump should be replaced. It would not occur to me, a baling-wire-and-string mechanic, to try fixing one. Instead I fill a couple of canteens from the butt, get the girls making sandwiches, and prepare for an eighteen-mile walk back to Death Valley Junction.

But less impetuous counsels prevail. If we have to walk, early in the morning would be a better time. And right now, after wrestling the car all afternoon, I am a little bushed. We repair to the giant killer and start making camp. Dave, he of the curious scientific mind, takes out the fuel pump to see what makes it tick. If it will not serve as part of a high-compression engine, it will serve as educational equipment.

Between courses of dinner, he discovers how the pump works, isolates its principles, and concludes that nothing is wrong with this one. We put it on and try the starter. No go. Then I remember my last fuel-pump trouble, and vaguely recall something about length of stroke. This means nothing to me except that I heard the mechanic say it. To Dave it means everything. If the diaphragm isn't burst, then the length of stroke must be all that is wrong. Within five minutes I am cutting little circles of rubber from an old inner tube, and Dave is packing the connection where the pump hooks on to a rod that in turn hooks onto the cam shaft. When we put the packed pump back on, we discover a stripped setscrew, and wrap it with thread so it will hold.

Then I step on the starter. Nothing. We prime the carburetor. Before we try it now we take a prayerful pull on the jug. Then I press the button.

The engine practically blows me out of the seat. I grab for chokes and throttles, assuming that something must be pulled way out, but nothing is. In desperation I shut the ignition off. Cautiously, after a couple of minutes, I turn on the ignition again, and instantly, without my touching the starter, the motor almost leaps through the hood. Now it is clear: we have got too muscular a stroke altogether. Take out a couple layers of inner tube and we will be fixed. By eight-thirty we are sitting on the running board, while the motor purrs smoothly, and we drink a nightcap to the Scientific Mind before we roll into the bags.

This night I expect alarms from the girls, because I know that both have read about rattlesnakes that crawl into sleeping bags to get warm, and I have heard, from their screeches this afternoon, how little either likes snakes. I could show them, in the *Desert Magazine* (an authority whose weight is very great and completely deserved), that the danger from warmth-hunting sidewinders is statistically equal to that from falling meteors. I could demonstrate how much more danger we run any hour on any highway. But I remember the indignant reader who wrote in to the editor of *Desert* to say that he had had snakes in his covers three times during his life, and he did not like either the snakes or the people who said snakes never hunted warmth. It seems indiscreet, in the circumstances, to raise the subject. Everyone goes to sleep like an infant.

Quite late, the moon looks over the rim, and then I see it bridging the canyon, and then it is a luminousness over the western rim, and then I awake to find that the luminousness has shifted its ground, and it is morning. As I look around, I do not see any rattlesnakes, either on top of sleeping bags or in them. All I see is the gray, cindery canyon, the gray greasewood, the morning sky already hot with light, and the old station wagon, awkwardly high-centered and with her wheels deep in the sand, fifteen miles up a 16.2-mile canyon.

THURSDAY: Before breakfast, Dave and I take a walk up the canyon. The further we go up the road, the worse it gets. Eventually even Dave admits we had better go back down the way we came.

This is more easily said than done. From eight to nine we dig and brush our way out of the sand we are stuck in. From nine to ten-thirty we turn around. At a quarter of eleven, somewhat fagged, we start back down Greenwater, leaving our ruts full of greasewood brush for the next wayfarer to read.

In Death Valley Junction the mechanic tells us that only two days ago he went up in a towcar for a party stranded in the canyon. The stranded party walked in eighteen miles—exactly what I was going to do last night. What makes us feel better about our retreat from Everest is the mechanic's assertion that to his knowledge no one ever went up over the Greenwater road. His client of day before yesterday hadn't even been able to get down.

But we are cured of dirt roads for a while, and drive over to Dante's View on surfaced highway, then down to Furnace Creek, where we raid the purlieus of the effete and take a swim in the pool of Furnace Creek Inn. We are a mangy-looking lot of interlopers among the coco-butter brigades. Later in the afternoon we visit Superintendent Goodwin of the Death Valley National Monument. The Valley, he tells us, is not due for any big tourist boom. All the hotels in the area are privately owned, all except Stovepipe Wells and Scotty's

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Castle by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, a British corporation.

A maximum of about 96,000 visitors per year can stay in the public campgrounds, at Furnace Creek Ranch, or at the various inns and hotels. Any others would have to sleep in the sagebrush, and so far not many have adopted our method of housing. The government has no control over prices here as it does in all other parks and monuments. Apparently it is as hard for our government to clear out British capital as it would be for China or Mexico to clear out American. Death Valley is a National Monument without real public control.

Superintendent Goodwin discovers we have been dirt-roading, and the desert rat in him comes out and smiles. He has driven a Ford pick-up truck all over the desert, crosswise and lengthwise, going out with a barrel of water and a barrel of gas and prospecting roads through the unmarked backlands, and he knows every spot we have touched. Recently he sent a ranger in a desert-tired truck to get copies of the pictographs in Greenwater Canyon: the ranger had to turn around and dig his way out. And he was coming in from the top, too. We feel better and better about our failure, and so on Goodwin's big map we chart a course that will take us back to the Owens Valley by way of Titus Canyon, Grapevine Pass, and a series of dirt roads over through Fish Lake and Deep Springs Valleys.

In the dead heat between the Funeral Range and the Panamints we do a duty run to the tourist spots, the Devil's Golf Course and Badwater, and then hook back up the valley and over Daylight Pass, where we make camp in a fine wash in the Amargosa Desert under the Bullfrog Hills.

(To be concluded.)

A Pioneer Volume

COMPOSER AND CRITIC. By Max Graf. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1946. 331 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ASHLEY PETTIS

UNTIL the present and the advent of Max Graf's "Composer and Critic—Two Hundred Years of Musical Criticism," anyone interested in research into music criticism or its history would have been confronted with a colossal task. It would have been necessary to translate critical writings from many languages, and to have amassed an enormous amount of relevant social and historical data existing primarily in the chronicles of an equal number of tongues, places, and times. For in spite of its title, Graf's book is, among other things, the first comprehensive history of music criticism, or what he chooses to call "musical" criticism, to have been written.

Yet, in spite of its unique value in tracing the historical course of music criticism as it wended its devious way through various periods and countries, "Composer and Critic" emerges chiefly as a human document, not only in the recounting of a very great period of music in which Graf was a participant as well as an interested spectator, but because of his wise, profoundly understanding appraisal of the critical forces of other times than his own.

Graf's "human" approach to the musical past is in sharp contrast to that of those objective musicologists whose long distance view tends to place the object or facts of their consideration in clear but cold and distant light. His attitude towards the writing of a history of music criticism is best summed up in his own words: "I wanted to know the history of my profession—its origin and development—just as men in general are interested in their family history and in the lives of the ancestors whose traits they perceive curiously mixed together in themselves." As a consequence of this point of view, Graf succeeds in dealing with times and events remote from his own period with revealing insight.

At the same time the greater implications of the subject have not eluded him. These he sums up in the "Foreword": "The spirit of musical [*sic*] criticism is only a part of the whole spiritual activity of history. The modern critical spirit was one of the keen weapons that helped destroy the society, the economy, and the state of the Dark Ages. Or again, it was a beam of the great sun that rose to usher in the new age of reason and enlightenment. Even bad criticism is the spoiled child of a noble ancestry. . . . I have made no attempt to hide the dark underworld of musical criticism—the part played by vanity, stupidity, even worse faults, which are found in every field of human activity and which are especially conspicuous in men who undertake to point out their neighbor's faults. The dark places make the bright ones still lighter by contrast, and there has been much light in the work of criticism, the light of great writers, keen thinkers, brave fighters. I like to turn on all that light. . . . Musical criticism came into the modern world a fighter, and only as a fighter will it remain a living force. Without the fighting spirit, musical criticism would be like a smiling face without teeth."

Graf was a professional writer on music in Vienna from 1890 to 1938. He was a militant critic when such musicians as Brahms, Goldmark, Johann Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Mahler, *et al.* were not part of history, but men he met daily on the streets and in restaurants. All of this and the critical battles of violently opposed artistic forces, with Hanslick, himself, and others in the thick of the fray, he recounts with the mellowness of one who has lived and learned. It was an age of artistic giants. Graf, as a consequence of his ideals and professional experience, as well as accurate evaluation of the part played by music critics in other periods of music, properly sees the critical functions as primarily related to the creative, whether for better or worse. From this is derived the title "Composer and Critic."

Those whose knowledge of music criticism is confined to the present, and as it exists in America, with a few notable exceptions, might well be puzzled by the title of Graf's book. I do not know the reasons for his avoiding all but cursory reference to present-day American music criticism, but I hope that it is because it would not properly come within the scope of his engrossing subject, and because, being a foreigner enjoying the hospitality of America, he is abashed at the conditions he finds existing in a once generally honored profession, and courteously averts his gaze.

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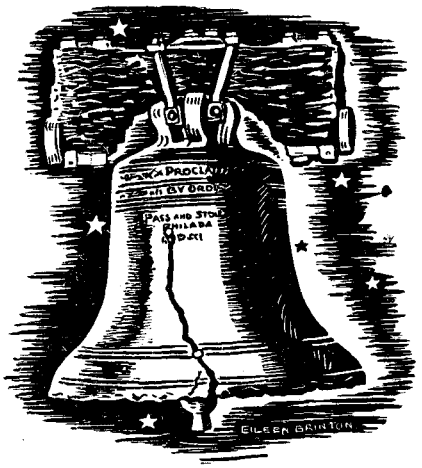
WHERE THERE'S A WILL

IF we would follow after the things which make for peace, we cannot think in terms of war. We cannot indoctrinate the nation in fear, condition it before we are out of the shadow of one conflict in the expectation of another, if we are to build for that one world on which the survival of civilization may depend. The only assumption on which society can operate with any hope of persistence is that those things which it earnestly desires it can by its own determination achieve. Any other assumption is defeatism which insures that the battle is lost before it is begun. William James said long ago, and others have said it before and after him, that by the mere act of wanting a thing hard enough we are on the way to get it.

We will not get peace by doubting that it is possible. We will not get it by telling our youth, as did one of our college presidents the other day, that it may have "to fight to sustain a cooperative world." Welcoming the incoming classes to his institution, he told the newcomers that the present disagreements between Russia and the United States spring from the variance in their two systems, "one democratic, the other totalitarian, one depending on the secret ballot, the other on the secret police." "Soon, very soon," he said, "you may be required to do something about it. You may have to fight about it. Surely the issue should be clear to you if your life is at stake. Let no sophistry, no errors of government in our free society blind you to the differences between democracy and totalitarianism."

Surely the issue must be made clear to them, but the issue is not only the dominance of democracy or totalitarianism but the maintenance of a world in which there is peace. If society is to survive, it must evolve



some formula by which nations can arrive at cooperation. It is not that it may have to fight that youth should be told, but that it must find some way by which it will not have to fight, some way by which the issues which arise between peoples can be settled by reason not the sword.

Certainly there can be few who have lived through the fearful years of the recent past who will not grant that there can be evil so great that even war is more endurable. That is merely to say that there are conditions under which freedom-loving men prefer death to life. But it is not to say that war is not an ill beyond endurance. It is not to justify alerting youth to the possibility of fighting for its ideals instead of insisting that its ideals find a way to make war unnecessary.

We all know what the next war will mean for civilization. Or perhaps we do not, for the future forces of destruction, whether military or biological, will be such that none but scientists can realize their possibilities. But we know enough to believe that another war will be disastrous beyond anything mankind has ever experienced. There is Russia, there is America. There is totalitarianism, there is democracy — conflicting ideologies. No American believes other than in that democracy which assures its citizens life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To that he is dedicated heart and soul. But he no longer lives in a world of his own; he can exist only as a part of the larger world. And if he and the peoples of other nations are to survive, it must be as members of one world. That one world will be won not by arms but by justice and reason.

A. L.

Rainy Night

By John Frederick Nims

ON these nights, hung from streetlamps
Under the murky catalpa
Fading and rickety waver
Merry-go-rounds of rain.

Streets in the cone of headlights
Ripple like circus pavilions,
And a false step from the curb
Is a chillsweet musical mishap.

Look, through a runaway pane
The sill spry as piano-keys!
Turn from the sourpuss clock;
Fumble out the decrepit fedora.

And leaving the den's clutter
Flinch through downpouring eaves
To the walk, now random and padded
With curl of twig and wet flowers.

Skyscrapers sway, hang
Streaming like seaweed, and even
The most absurd parlor, through rain,
Is trim as a frigate in jug.

Everything, fire-escape, storefront,
Is opulent as dark orchids.
The quivering neons
Hum phrases coal-red or green.

In lee of a parkway arch
Or spread of a thinning catalpa
Breathe it: a worldwide rustle;
Trouble deeper than peace.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Donald Nelson's Report

SIR: I was delighted to read Eliot Janeway's review of Donald Nelson's book (*SRL* Sept. 7). My only comment is that he did not go far enough.

There certainly is need for some competent writer to tell us the whole inside story of the operations of the War Production Board. Surely there is material enough to fill several volumes.

It is true Mr. Nelson surrounded himself with big names in finance and industry. That, however, does not mean that all went well.

The country would avidly read the story of "the world's greatest merry-go-round."

C. H. Low.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Donald M. Nelson is one of the nicest fellows in America—and also one of the biggest. He will doubtless survive with his customary equanimity the crushing discovery that he has displeased Mr. Eliot Janeway.

Nevertheless some dissent should be recorded to Mr. Janeway's savagely personal attack on Mr. Nelson which appeared in your issue of September 7 as a review of the Nelson book, "Arsenal of Democracy." One could dwell in detail over the weird pattern of reasoning which leads Mr. Janeway to conclude grandly that "as production czar, Mr. Nelson was a failure." This could, in fact, go well beyond the length of Mr. Janeway's review if it were to deal, as he does, in personalities and invidious comparisons.

Why don't we, instead, stick to the main fact? *The job got done.* A lot of people did it. Nobody did it alone. Patterson did a job. Knudsen did a job. Forrestal did a job. So did Wilson, Stettinius, Hillman, Somervell, and thousands of others who never made the headlines. They all made mistakes and they all had blind spots. But there really wasn't anybody in a position of power in Washington who was trying to help the Japs.

The job got done and somehow 300,000 planes, 124,000 ships, and 100,000 tanks and armored cars got built. Nelson didn't do it personally and never said he did. But had he "failed," he would have gotten most of the blame—although, in that case, there would probably be no *Saturday Review of Literature* and nobody to write pointless articles about who won the war in spite of whom.

Speaking as one who had an excellent chance to observe wartime Washington journalistically, and admitting that the whole thing is too big to justify any individual in any expression but that of personal opinion, I like to remember these things about Donald M. Nelson as they seemed to me:

(1) For a matter of months before Pearl Harbor, he stood head and shoulders above official Washington —most Army people included—as one who had a clear concept of the real magnitude of modern warfare.

(2) During the war itself he provided a type of leadership that brought out the best in productive industry.

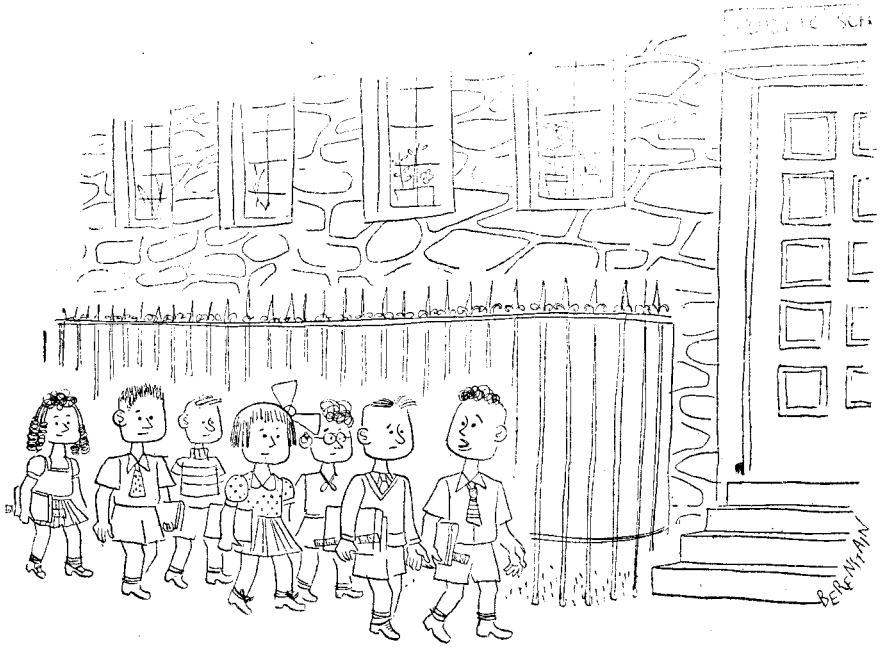
(3) He resisted courageously a tendency on the part of several oddly diverse groups to clap the nation into an unnecessary economic hairshirt which would have been dangerous ultimately to our civil liberties.

The job got done although, as a symbol of business, Mr. Nelson endured much personal abuse. I doubt that this attack by one of his more animated but less gifted detractors will disturb him greatly at this late date. At all events, he is richly entitled to take what comfort he can from the fact that all the colossal blunders of his career have mysteriously resulted in success for the organization with which he was connected.

And, again speaking as a citizen and not as an arbiter, I think Mr. Nelson's services will be remembered by a grateful nation long after one highly biased and splenetic book reviewer is happily forgotten.

CHARLES B. COATES.

Verona, N. J.



"First grade, second grade, third grade . . . where will it all end?"

Works in Progress

SIR: Several years ago Mr. Frederick Shroyer, noted bibliophile of Decatur, Ind., addressed a letter to this section asking collectors for their lists of books of a fantastic nature.

Many replies were received and work commenced on a bibliography of fantastic literature. Unfortunately due to the exigencies of war, this early manuscript was lost, and it now becomes necessary to appeal to those who so generously aided this project before, as well as any other collectors who are now in possession of titles, to aid us once again.

Any information relative to the following type of literature would be appreciated:

Unusual fiction: Science fiction; stories of voyages to other worlds, time-traveling, unknown lands and peoples, longevity, fantastic discoveries, etc.; and stories of the weird and occult, ghosts, vampires, werewolves, etc.

ERLE KORSHAK.

1713 East 55th St.,
Chicago 15, Ill.

Overworked Words

SIR: I read with interest the editorial "Myrrh vs. Murder" in the September 21 issue. I find in a notation in my journal that at the time Dr. Funk published the ten most beautiful words he published also a list which he called the ten most "overworked" words: *okay, terrific, lousy, contact, definitely, gal, racket, swell, impact, honey,* and once, long ago in November 1944, I wound them (very amateurishly) into an essay for use in a "Style and Structure Course" in journalism at Columbia.

ANNE MILLER.

East Orange, N. J.

Oh

SIR: With respect to the review by Mr. Konvitz in your September 14 issue I am certain that the faculty of Columbia College would not have passed what you seem to believe to be correct: "Algemeinewissenschaftslehre." What Mr. Konvitz meant to write—perhaps did write?—is "Allgemeine Wissenschaftslehre."

HANS H. A. MEYN.

New York, N. Y.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: Petarded on his own cliché
And violently hurled,
Should be the Joe whose one bon mot
Is "It's out of this world!"

SYDNEY MAYERS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

ALL O'NEILLING

IT was Eugene O'Neill who was talking. He was speaking to a reporter from *The New York Times*, a paper which is rightly and resolutely preoccupied with news. The year was 1924; the month December. Since his "Desire Under the Elms" had recently been produced, Mr. O'Neill was then "news," even as he remains "news" today when the Theatre Guild has just staged "The Iceman Cometh,"* his first play to be produced in twelve long seasons.

"In New York," said Mr. O'Neill, thinking back to 1910 and the rough-and-tumble of his sea-going days when his throat was swabbed with stronger stuff than Coca-Cola, "I lived at Jimmy-the-Priest's, a waterfront dive, with a back room where you could sleep with your head on the table if you bought a schooner of beer. . . .

"It was so named because Jimmy, the proprietor . . . seemed to be more suited for a cassock than the bartender's apron he wore. . . . Jimmy-the-Priest's certainly was a hell-hole. . . . I was absolutely down, financially, those days. . . . You can get an idea of the kind of room I had when I tell you that the rent was three dollars a month. One roommate of mine jumped out of the window."

In "The Iceman Cometh," Mr. O'Neill pays Jimmy-the-Priest's another and far longer visit. This time the saloon-hotel has changed ownership. It now belongs to Harry Hope, a major toper though a minor ex-Tammanyite. Although it remains much the same joint (even to the derelict who jumped to his death) that lodged Mr. O'Neill, and that playgoers came to know as Johnny-the-Priest's in "Anna Christie," there is a difference. A major difference. This exists in Mr. O'Neill's approach to the place no less than in the dramatic uses he now makes of it.

Mr. O'Neill was twenty-two when, as George Jean Nathan would have it, he slept next to the bung-hole of a whisky barrel at Jimmy-the-Priest's, and when Jimmy, the proprietor, coming to work the next morning found the barrel one-eighth emptied. He was thirty-four when the hitherto unseen Anna Christie, who was pictured by her father and the audience as a demure virgin from Minnesota, pushed her way in through the family entrance as palpably a member of the world's oldest profession, and turned to the waiter to say as her first words, "Gimme a whisky—ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby."

Mr. O'Neill is now fifty-eight—prosperous, a model of decorum, a man after Carrie Nation's heart, a recluse, a semi-invalid, and a world figure. Honors have been heaped upon him. He has won the Pulitzer award three times, and deserved it more often. Mr. De Voto notwithstanding, the Nobel Prize has also come his way. In schools and colleges he is studied along with Ibsen as if he were an unassailable figure of the past. Wherever people care about the drama (which means in regions far beyond the reach of theatres), his name is known and respected. Indeed, no other living playwright, with the exception of Shaw, enjoys his preeminence.

If Mr. O'Neill remains "news"—definitely "news"—the reasons are almost intrusive. Whatever his shortcomings may be (and they have been fairly manifest), he occupies a position which is as proud as it is solitary. He has written some terrible plays, some of the most effective dramas of our time, and a few of the finest. Yet always, the man's courage has been unmistakable.

He has always gone his own austere, fierce, usually frowning way, ignoring the cheap whims of our showshops and making the theatre do what he wanted rather than doing what its timid souls thought would be popular.

No dramatist has ever been a more dauntless experimenter or a more fearless innovator. He has dared in play after play to change his pattern, even when successful, and reach for what for him (and usually for the stage) was the untried. With varying degrees of success, ranging from the pretentious and the preposterous to the very threshold of greatness, he has worked as a naturalist, a realist, an expressionist, a Freudian, a mystic, a symbolist, or as a poet whose poetry was deader than the feeblest prose even when his prose as spoken has burned with the fires of poetry.

But what has set him most squarely apart, and granted him a fine loneliness among the dramatic talents of our time, has been the subject which he has made his most constant concern. Whether he has stated this in terms of cheap and juvenile irony (as he most certainly did in the melodramatic excesses of those earliest, "My-Gawd-What-a-chanct-I-Got" one-acts), or expressed it with the white heat of tragedy (as in the first two parts of "Mourning Becomes Electra," before he became mired in Freud), his characters have almost always dared to look beyond their relations with their neighbors and sought to find their place in the universe. Like Yank in "The Hairy Ape," they have wanted to belong. However beaten they may have been by life, Mr. O'Neill has endeavored to relate them not merely to men but also to outside forces of a cruel, though caring, nature which are the ultimate agents that control them.

For these agents Mr. O'Neill has had many names, ranging from "the ironic life force," "the great angry eye of God," and "that ole davil sea," to "Mother Dynamo" and Christ the Crucified. In attempting to deal with them dramatically, he has—at his best—manifested an instinct for the theatre so irresistible that even his father, the late James O'Neill of "The Count of Monte Cristo" fame, would have had to salute it.

Except when he has written as a realist, Mr. O'Neill's language has been his major drawback. He has functioned as a prose writer tormented by a poet's vision. That is an unhappy fate. He has been denied the final power of lyric utterance which would make some of his biggest scenes soar into those ultimate regions where vibrant theatre becomes great literature. Yet this must be said to his eternal credit. He has never been unwilling or afraid to try.

Among Mr. O'Neill's many defiances of theatrical conventions has been his disregard of the time which stage performances normally last so that business men (even in these days) can go about their business and commuters catch the last train home. Someone really ought to buy him a watch. Or, failing that, at least remind him of how helpful it is locally, in moments of doubt, to dial "MEridian 7-1212." The Joshua habit is becoming chronic with him; the Oberammergau example has conquered him.

However contrived the theatre may have to be, it is at least this true to life. What matters in it is not the time expended but what is done with

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that time. The justification of the four hours required to play it is the first test "The Iceman Cometh" must pass, and one which, in my judgment at any rate, it flunks disastrously. That the play has its undeniable virtues I cannot deny, and indeed do not want to. But that these would be twice as marked as they now are if only Mr. O'Neill's script were one-half as long as it is at present seems to me to be no less undeniable.

Speaking of time, it is impossible not to realize how wise Mr. O'Neill has been in placing his play at the Jimmy-the-Priest's he himself knew in 1912. This grants his dialogue an immediate immunity from a kind of criticism to which it otherwise might be subject. It protects it from the needs of being contemporary in its idioms. It grants an unchallengeable freedom to a man whose fame and illness have forced him to live, for many years now, an abnormally protected life that has thus cut him off from the experiences upon which his first plays were based.

In "The Iceman Cometh" Mr. O'Neill may continue to work as a symbolist. But instead of seeking to relate men to the unseen agents of their destiny, he occupies himself with what they must live by within themselves. Though it takes an unconscionable time for Mr. O'Neill to get this stated, his conclusion turns out to be no more startling than their illusions.

Into his barroom setting, where a whole stageful of penniless "Lost Weekenders" are assembled, Mr. O'Neill sends a drummer. He is the Mr. Fixit of the piece; the Luka of "The Lower Depths," the Joe of "The Time of Your Life." Unlike Yank in "The Hairy Ape," whose contempt was fierce for those who "hit the pipe of the past," Mr. O'Neill's drummer attacks those whose pipe dreams are centered on the future.

The bums, the barflies, the down-and-outers, the broken men in Harry's flophouse will, he insists, find happiness only if, in his manner, they lay off the booze which nourishes

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their illusions and face themselves as they are. Several of them are persuaded to try the experiment. But one by one they soon slink back to their bottles to dream those alcoholic dreams without which their wretched, frustrated lives would be insupportable.

What the drummer in Mr. O'Neill's drama symbolizes—whether he means death by robbing men of their life-sustaining dreams, or whether he (and the whole play) represents Mr. O'Neill's subsconcious protest against those who have chaperoned and tidied-up his own recent living—is a matter for individual conjecture. One thing is certain. Mr. O'Neill has turned on the meddlesome idealist as fiercely as ever Ibsen did when in "The Wild Duck" he made it clear that Gregors Werle was always thirteenth at table.

No play that I can think of gets off to a more becalmed start than does "The Iceman Cometh" in that interminable first act which precedes the dinner bell. Compared to it, Prospero's telling to Mirando of the story of her life in "The Tempest" can claim an almost honky-tonk sprightliness. I, at least, kept wondering for an hour and a half when the play was going to begin. Meanwhile I felt as if I had started a long serial story one issue late, and hence was being forced to catch up with it in terms of a moribund synopsis. The more ardent champions of Mr. O'Neill's new drama insist that its initial slowness is unavoidable because the first act is only meant as a prologue. To me this seems the most legless of apologies.

From then on the play does pick up. Even when it is doing nothing more than take one step forward and one step back, it commands the attention. Its garrulity cannot obscure its power. The old O'Neill magic is upon it in scene after scene. There are fine ex amples of his compassion, his insight, his blazing intensity, and his theatrical skill. Yet considering how little he has to say that is new or enriching on the subject of prostitutes, drunks, or even illusions, there is no excuse for his having said at least twice everything that could have been better stated by being suggested.

Although "The Iceman Cometh" is far worthier than most of our theatre's offerings, it is not without its genuine disappointments and its gargantuan faults. Not only is it the kind of play that Mr. O'Neill alone could have written, but it is also the kind of play which only he could have got produced. Any manager in

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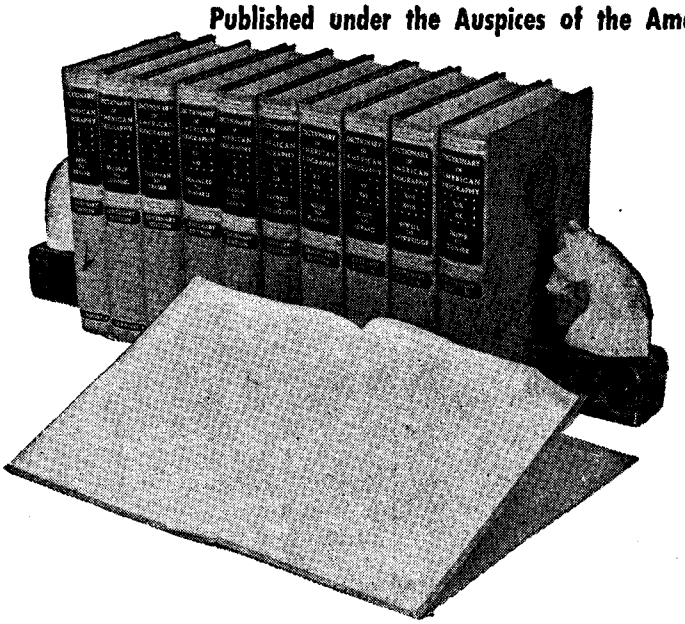

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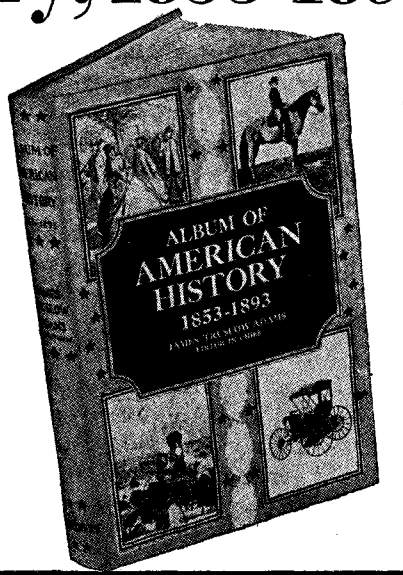

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his right senses would have demanded any other dramatist to cut it to its proper length. Indeed, one trembles to imagine what people would think of "The Iceman Cometh" if it did not bear Mr. O'Neill's mesmerizing name. That, however, is an unnecessary worry because, without his name, playgoers would undoubtedly never have been confronted with it at all.

However large the doubts created by Mr. O'Neill's script, there can be none—or almost none—on the subject of the production the Theatre Guild has given it. It is one of the most satisfying and masterly presentations our stage has yielded. Eddie Dowling, who has directed it, has faced a problem of staggering proportions, and somehow managed to solve it.

Mr. O'Neill frequently has from thirteen to seventeen of his derelicts dozing in the back room at one time. Much of his dialogue is devoted to quarrelsome duets, when the other characters, if not sleeping, are forced to remain quiet. Mr. Dowling contrives to endow these mass silences with more than conviction. His groupings are fluid; his modulations of pace admirable; and his eye for the pictorial unflagging. He never fails to heighten and interpret the meannesses of life so that they cease to be photography and emerge as art. His stage, particularly as set and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones, breathes, moves, and lives even while seeming to have been caught on canvas by an exceptional painter. The first act, for example, could be a George Bellows; the second a Grant Wood.

You might think a back room-and-bar of a flophouse would offer a scenic artist the grubbiest of opportunities. . . . But not to Mr. Jones. Years ago, in "Anna Christie," he demonstrated what he could do with such a locale. In "The Iceman Cometh" he provides an even more luminous setting. None of our designers has so persuasive and eloquent a command of simplicity as he has. None brings to his task a superior realization of the mystery of space, the drama of shadows, or the poetry of the undecorated.

I wish I had the room in which to do more than hint at the excellence of Dudley Digges as the broken old bum who runs the flophouse. Or, for that matter, the skill of Carl Benton Reid as a disenchanted Wobbly. Or of E. G. Marshall as a Harvard Law School graduate who has guzzled his talents away. Or of John Marriott as the wreck of a Negro gambler. Or Nicholas Joy as a one-time British captain in the Boer War. Or the heroic efforts made by James Barton to play the troublesome drummer that Mr. Dowling would have acted better. Or, in fact, of any of the other players who people Mr. O'Neill's dramatic marathon. With all my heart, too, I wish that, since Mr. O'Neill has thrown away his blue pencil, the Theatre Guild had taken giant shears to his latest play before producing it.

Our theatre has proven the poorer during the long years of Mr. O'Neill's silence. It needs him desperately. But it is not exactly comfortable to sit in the presence of an O'Neill play and be forced to remember, again and again, that old chestnut about Horace Greeley. "Write a long editorial," Mr. Greeley is supposed to have advised a young man on his staff who had not yet gone West. "You haven't got the time in which to write a short one."

How long it took Mr. O'Neill to compose "The Iceman Cometh," I do not pretend to know. But of this I am sure. Had he spent half as much time cutting it as he did writing it, his would have been not only a more acceptable script but a vastly better play. JOHN MASON BROWN

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Wisconsin Farm

NO BETTER LAND. By Laban C. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IT ALWAYS seems to be winter in this novel of a Wisconsin farm family. Though the other seasons come in their turn, there is a constant pressure of cold that we feel around the Elliots with their conflicting choices and desires. And winter seems to be an unending season for Abel Elliot, the blind, half-paralyzed farmer whose nine children are growing up without his love of the land.

Of this brood of children, only two assume importance in the novel. Atlant, the pretty, eighteen-year-old schoolteacher, follows a troubled course in her love for the hired hand George; and the careless son, Armand, carelessly marries the daughter of a shiftless farm neighbor. Both these marriages are opposed by the hardy, domineering Marie, Abel's wife.

If there is a real theme in this story, it is to be found in the ambitions which the two parents cherish for their children. Abel Elliot has an extremely fervent feeling for land and he wants his children settled around him on the wide Wisconsin fields. His wife wants them educated, and so released from the toil and monotony of farming. When Abel Elliot dies, at the novel's end, the contention is unresolved, and the children seem lacking in any positive ambitions of their own.

The members of this family lack the sensibility which might make their lives more consequential to the reader. Their speech, of which there is a great deal, is uniformly inexpressive and all of them seem inarticulate even to themselves. Though they have a succession of quarrels, fears, and desires, they rarely seem intimately felt or clearly understood.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sir Joseph Porter, in "H. M. S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert. 2. Hank Martin, in "A Lion is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 3. Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 4. "Elmer Gantry," by Sinclair Lewis. 5. Brutus Jones, in "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill. 6. Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo. 7. Merton Gill, in "Merton of the Movies," by Harry Leon Wilson. 8. Jimmy Valentine, in "A Retrieved Reformation," by O. Henry. 9. Stephen Sorrell, in "Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping. 10. Edmond Dantes, in "The Count of Monte Cristo," by Alexandre Dumas.

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What manner of critic is this?

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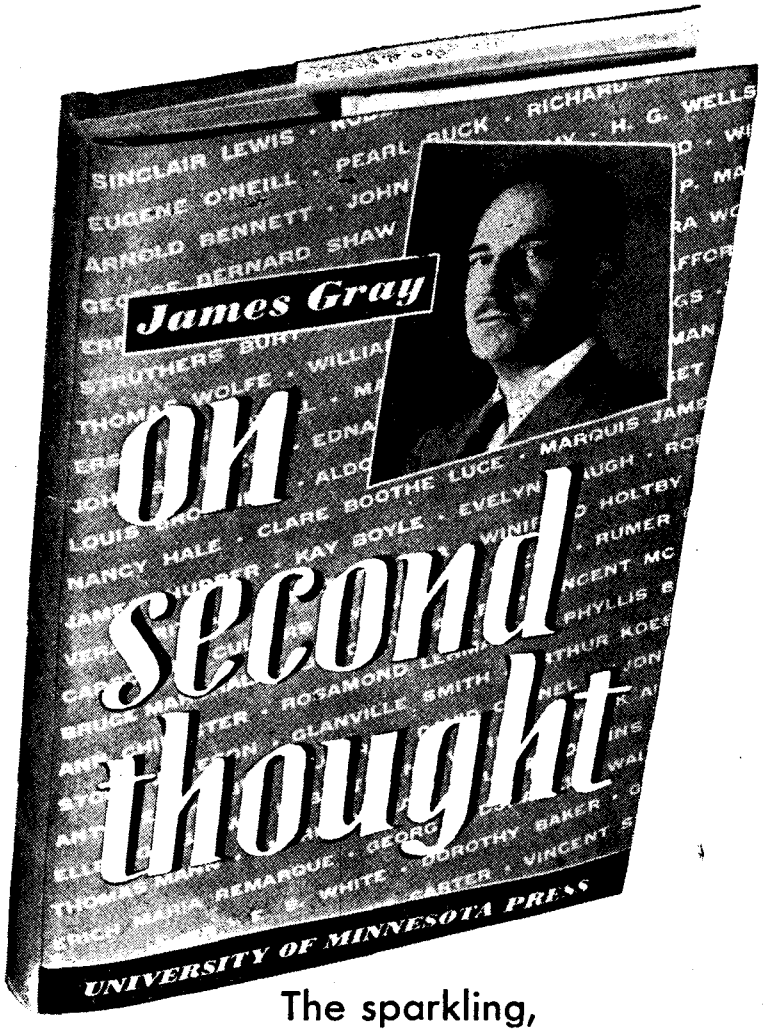

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—William McFee, *N. Y. Sun*

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THE FINE ARTS

ART IN PARIS

WHAT is wrong with the state of painting in Paris today? Something certainly. Enough paintings, books, articles, and color reproduction have arrived in this country so that a dominant impression begins to form: the old men of Paris now seems to be painting like young men, the young like old. Not having been to France since the war, I would hesitate to make so blunt an estimate except that the supporting evidence is considerable. Moreover, much of the art propaganda from Paris has been irritatingly off-pitch, both in its assumption of automatically superior airs and in its extravagant claims for the young generation. I do not understand, to begin with, how the painters in question can be described as "young"; most are forty or over, and many close to fifty. There will again be very young, talented artists in Paris, of course. But they are not visible now, and it is perhaps too soon after so tragic a period to expect them to appear.

The new painters of Paris apparently suffer from a veneration for the old men of living French art, a feeling accompanied by indifference toward the middle generation; the grandfathers are preferred to the fathers, in orthdox Freudian fashion. Possibly the main reason for this is that the old men are so impressive. The dean of living artists, Pierre Bonnard, clambers the hillsides of France with a student's impatience. He paints with new and wonderful vapors of color, subtle, superbly controlled, more daring than ever before. He is said to mix his enchanted tones and then walk around his studio with loaded brush, from canvas to canvas, muttering to himself: "Where shall I put this lovely color?" He finds the right, the exact spot; a master in his declining years, as Renoir was. His friend, Matisse, though ill, works constantly. I cannot share the belief that Matisse has regained lately the revolutionary vigor that he showed from 1905 to roughly 1920, a vigor replaced in works of his middle career by a relaxed, gracious, supremely tasteful but rather polite and repetitious eloquence. Still, he remains an infallible colorist, and his recent drawings and illustrations are fine. He goes on, nourished in old age by the sensuality—concupiscence is barely too strong a word—which accounted for the masterpieces of Ingres's late career.

Of the other living old masters, Rouault still practices the slow, devout alchemy to which his whole life has been dedicated, serene at last, and mixing now rich, heavy, incomparable sweets instead of the bitter draughts of his early career. And then there is always Picasso. I suspect it was precisely because there is always Picasso that, two years ago, a group of art students removed his pictures from the walls of the Salon de la Liberation. Their action is usually ascribed to political causes, but it seems to me that there is a broader and truer explanation. In 1944 Paris was free again, the war drawing near to its close. It was time, long past, for young French artists to take their turn in the sun, after forty years of Picasso's domination. But when the Salon opened, there he was again, bold, powerful as ever, holding the center of the stage with ease. I imagine the students felt impelled to protest against something they despairingly admired rather than loathed (they took the greatest precautions in dismantling the pictures). The theory is confirmed by an experience of a few days ago. I was looking at Picasso's illustrations for Buffon's "Histoire Naturelle," published during the war. With me was a friend who admires Picasso but feels a closer sympathy for other artists. We turned the book's pages. They were so incredible in pictorial and technical invention, so varied, fresh, and authoritative, in them alone enough to establish a major reputation, that my friend could only say: "He is the greatest." He spoke with the quietude that comes when a loved argument is closed.

The influence of Picasso's cubism and of his figure and still-life painting of the past ten years is strong on many of the "young" artists of whom we now hear much—Pignon, Gischia, Fougeron, Robin, Bazaine, Lapique, Estève. The first four of these men have looked most intently at the Spaniard's art of the 1930's and 1940's; the last three at the sterner abstractions of his earlier years. But all seven share a determination to make of Picasso something essentially French, an aspiration which Roger de La Fresnaye entertained soon after the inven-

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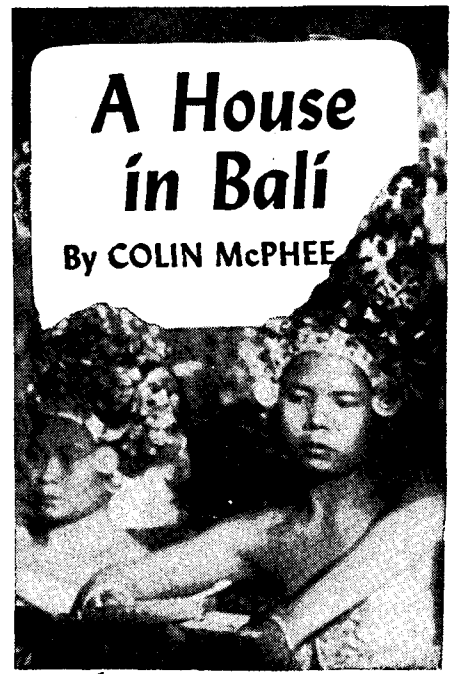
tion of cubism and of which André Lhote has been a consistent exponent since the First World War.

The new generation's second great idol is Henri Matisse (with occasional deference to Bonnard). They cross Matisse's *fauvism* with cubism or combine his boxed-in faces of 1915 with Picasso's recent flamboyant figures. Indeed, their main effort, with variations from one to the other, is to evolve a new art from a synthesis of Matisse's decorative harmonies with Picasso's intense calligraphy, to sharpen French cuisine with Spanish herbs. The synthesis is not easy to achieve. It poses in new terms the exhausting dilemma which faced the sixteenth-century Mannerists: how to create an original expression out of two divergent preceding currents. It repeats the experience of Chassériau, who tried in the early nineteenth century to combine the best of Ingres with the best of Delacroix. Chassériau solved his problem at last by rushing headlong into Delacroix's camp, and it may be that today's French artists will turn more and more to the ornamental expressionism of Matisse, abandoning in the process Picasso's overtones of psychological malaise, his fiercer energy. The new artists I have mentioned are equipped for such a solution. All are extremely competent painters, with taste enough to carry them past vacuity. But what they now produce seems hopelessly electric, a seesaw between lyric invention and passionate declaimer. There are among them none of the decisive personalities of the men who came to fame in the 1930's. I am not sure that what they do is as real (if better painted) as the equally derivative art of the young British artists who substitute Graham Sutherland for Matisse and worship Picasso.

The surrealist movement has lately been fairly dormant in Paris, but its standards seem so much purer than those of the current grandfatherism that it may one day revive. Meanwhile, its most brilliant recruit, Matta Echaurren, has been working here rather than in Paris, where Labisse, Dominguez, Coutaud, Courmes, and others remain more or less faithful adherents. The proto-surrealist Paul Keel has a conspicuous disciple in Jean Dubuffet, who at least stands apart from the prevailing nationalism.

There are many other artists emerging in Paris, of course. Perhaps among them will be one of Miro's stature, so desperately needed. But for now at least French art seems to be between generations. Some say it is permanently finished, but they, I think, crowd history too closely, in the twentieth-century fashion. We must wait to see, hopefully. JAMES THRALL SOBY.



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AT AN ALARMING RATE

(*Continued from page 11*)

try papers and urban political papers and to size up potential editorial timber.

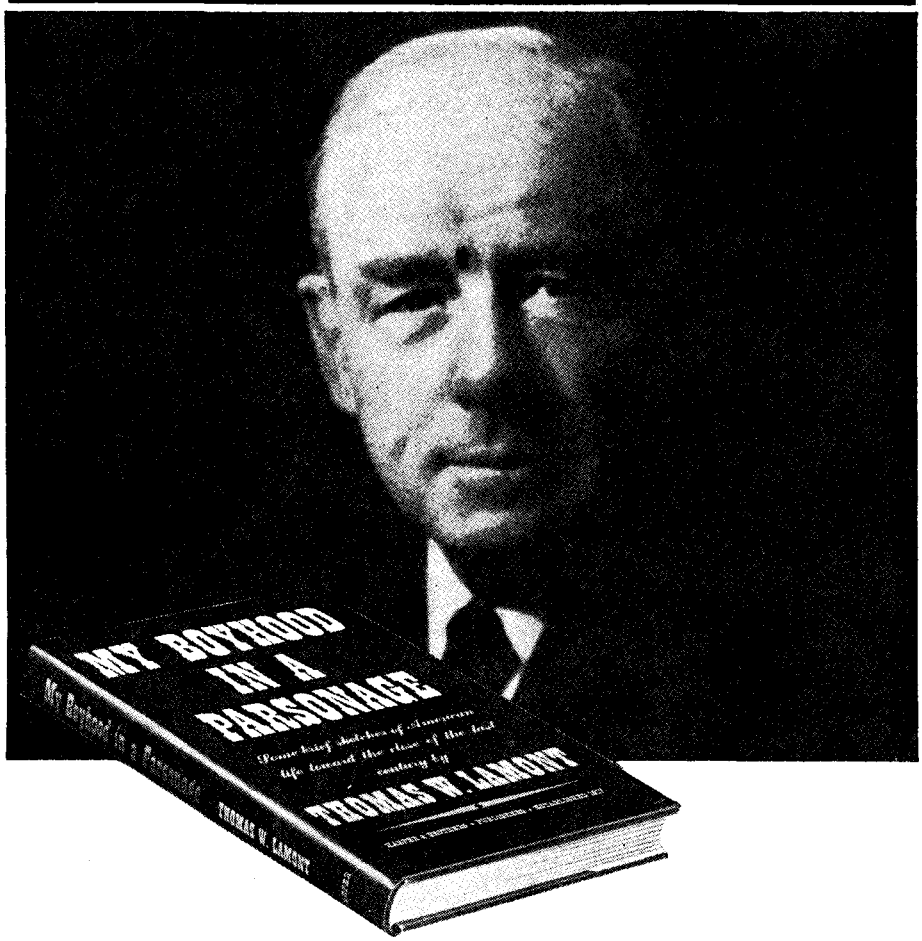
At the end of August we announced that applications would be received for permits to print weeklies and semi-weeklies in most of the small market towns of the province, as well as six political dailies—one for each party—in Linz.

Here we noted a characteristic difference between the reactions of the Austrians and the Italians. In Italy we were swamped with applications to publish. In Rome alone a backlog of about six hundred applications piled up. Most of them were from people who could not conceivably have published a paper successfully. We soon discovered that not many of them really wanted to publish. What they wanted was a permit to do so, which would entitle them to an allocation of newsprint at $175 a ton which they could sell in the black market for $1,000 a ton. They wanted not to get into the newspaper but into the newsprint business. People even founded political parties as an excuse to demand permission to publish a paper and, of course, authorization for a cut of our imported paper.

Even people whose bona fides could stand up long enough to get them a permit to publish always asked for allocation of paper on the basis of twice the circulation they expected—and many of them printed considerably less than their allocated circulation, and did handsomely on the black market. We suspected that this practice was widespread in Rome, but it was difficult to detect and the connivances which it called for went altogether too high.

In Austria newsprint was being manufactured at an established price of $27.50 a ton when we got there. The newsprint makers came to me, reported their price, and were quite happy to continue production at the pre-war figure if we could secure them an allocation of coal. Later costs rose sufficiently to justify a tariff of $30 a ton. No black market activities in this commodity were ever brought to my attention, and while there is not all we need, there is enough to go around with careful rationing and self-restraint.

When we announced in Austria that applications to publish would be received we expected to be inundated as we were in Italy. We were agreeably surprised. In Linz, although all six political parties could have had daily papers, three did not apply because they had not been able to find



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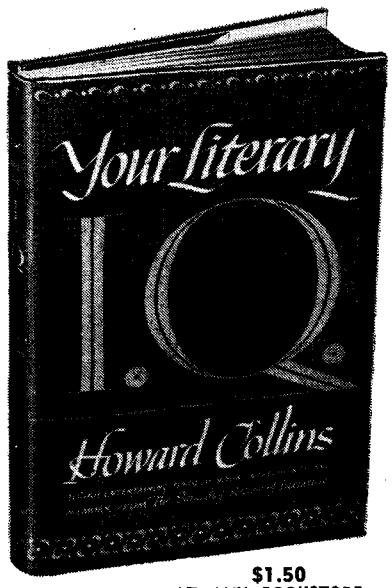

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The difference between that attitude and the foundation of "political parties" for the sake of an allocation of newsprint to sell on the black market is the measure of the difference between Austria and Italy in the matter of respect for the dignity of the press.

NOTHING ever happened in Austria to compare with the antics of Scaglione, who slipped into our own *Risorgimento* in Naples an editorial which, by reason of its pertinent references to the executions of Charles I of England, Louis XVI of France, and the Czar of Russia, could be interpreted as an appeal for the solution of the monarchial question in Italy by assassination. It was so interpreted by Marshal Badoglio's henchman General Basso, in command of the Italian forces in Campania. He sent an aide to me to ask whether in my opinion Scaglione had not violated Article 278 of the Italian penal code, which prohibited the publication of items likely to detract from the prestige, dignity, and honor of the Italian Royal House. I hope no record was ever kept of the reasons which I brought forward to support my stated view that he had not done so, and therefore should not be immediately arrested and sentenced to two years of seclusion. There wasn't much Badoglio's man could do after that except say, as he did, that he would report my opinion to Marshal Badoglio. But there was a lot that the top brass of AMG and the Allied Control Commission could and did say, and I had a hard time with them.

I thought at that time that the top brass of AMG and ACC were pretty stuffy, but they were the epitome of sweet reasonableness compared with the top brass of the United States Forces in Austria and their opposite numbers in the Soviet Forces. Neither seemed to have any clear idea of what was meant by freedom of the press.

For example, Russian top brass got incandescent about a piece written by the editor of the Socialist *Linzer Tagblatt*. The Communist organ in Vienna, *Oesterreichische Zeitung*, loosed all its guns. The Socialist papers in Vienna and Graz took up the cry. Dr. Oberhummer had said that Austrians and Germans were one race. It's perfectly true. They are. But the cry of "Pan-Germanism" and "racialism" was raised by the Communists (themselves the slaves of Pan-Slavism) as an excuse to bring the terms of the Freedom of the Press declaration of October 1, 1945 into force against the Socialists, whom they attack now as they did in the past, on every opportunity. The So-

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cialists, as in the past, hadn't the sense to stick together.

Our people went to see the editor, an old man whose journalistic vocabulary dated back a quarter of a century. He had obviously not intended to convey the impression which had been given by words which had acquired a specialized meaning in recent times as a result of Nazi distortion. However, he got no support from his party in Vienna and Graz, so there was nothing much we could do for him. We suspended the paper until the storm died down, a matter of a week or so.

Unfortunately, this got to be a habit. The Russians next turned their guns against the Graz Socialist paper *Neue Zeit* for an editorial entitled "From Innitzer to Stalin" and against the Klagenfurt *Neue Zeit* for reprinting it because they thought it was so good. These two papers were in the British zone, but they fared no better. The British suspended them, and therefore qualified for a seat next to our own top brass. It got to be a pretty tough life for an Austrian editor who, as the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna finally pointed out, was faced with the problem of being loyal not only to his own principles but to four different Allies under circumstances which could make it an infringement of regulations even simply to print *all* the news originating in the countries of the respective "Allies."

The ultimate came when our own brass sent up word to Salzburg from Vienna that we should suspend the weekly magazine *Woge* for a piece it had done on Iran, just at the time when that part of the world was in the news. I read the piece. It was very informative and straightforward. All the editor deserved was congratulations. So far from suspending him, we arranged some special features for him.

The trouble with our brass, and let's be quite frank about it, is that not all of them are convinced of the desirability of a free, unfettered press, having done much better during the war out of a severely restricted one. Too many of our top brass in Austria today share the viewpoint of the young lieutenant of infantry who wrote to *Stars and Stripes* complaining about "the jackals of the press that have been hounding this great soldier" (Patton).

It was no secret last January that the United States forces all over the world were in revolt against the prospect of spending any long time as overseas forces of occupation. On January 10, for instance, the Vienna *Stars and Stripes* carried a streamer across the front page announcing: "4,000 DEMONSTRATE AT FRANKFURT AS PROTESTS ON SLOW-

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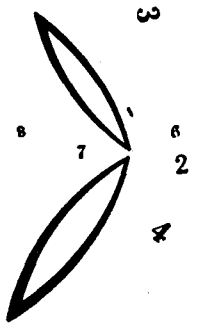

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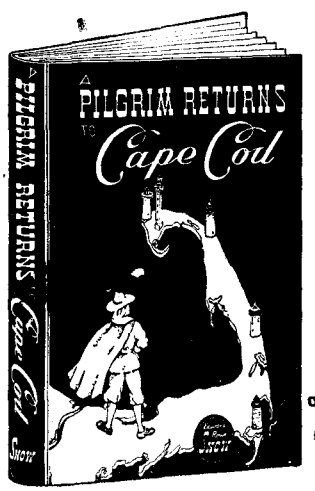

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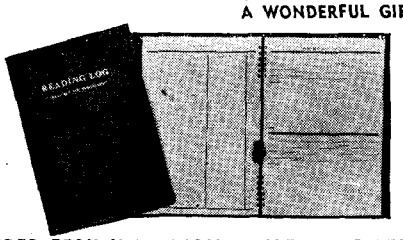

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DOWN SPREAD." It backed this up with bulletins from Frankfurt, Guam, Yokohama, Paris, and Vienna. None of the Salzburg papers alluded to these difficulties in any way, although it was news of prime importance to them, since it would affect the policy of the United States in every theatre of occupation.

Our biggest task in Austria was to establish a paper in Vienna. All the success in the world in the provinces would not amount to much if we could not make our voice heard in the capital. Difficulties were increased by the fact that the Russians were in Vienna months before we settled down into our zone, and facilities and stocks which had survived bombardment and street fighting often melted away in occupation. We did not get established in Vienna until August. When the *Wiener Kurier* appeared it had to meet the competition of already established papers such as the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the People's Party's *Kleines Volksblatt*, the Communists' *Oesterreichische Volksstimme*, a tri-party paper called the *Neues Oesterreich*, and the official Red Army paper *Oesterreichische Zeitung*.

We moved in as soon as the Russians evacuated our area and just before they planned to evacuate the stereotyping equipment from the plant we were to use for the *Wiener Kurier*. The paper made its mark so thoroughly and so fast that within a month the Russians threw their German-speaking Russian personnel out of their *Oesterreichische Zeitung* and installed a new set of Austrian Communists with instructions to do as well as we did or else. The turnover was high.

THE British came into the field with a multipage, many-cut job called *Weltpresse*. It did not make much impression first because they had begun publication before they were quite ready. But after a couple of weeks their circulation shot up. They had found a sure-fire formula for success in Vienna. We guessed, however, that it would soon backfire. It did. Marshal Koniev himself made a formal protest against the cracks against the Russians which were appearing in *Weltpresse*, and the circulation fell off again. The Viennese felt badly about that and kept trying to needle us into picking up the torch. We were at that time, however, in the throes of a be-kind-to-Russia policy which cramped our style. Anyone who wants to build up circulation in Vienna is welcome to the tip, however.

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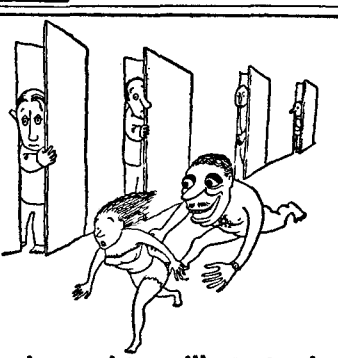

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such an important place in the life of the greatest city east of Paris that the Austrian government has asked unofficially for assurances that when we leave, *Wiener Kurier* will remain.

This move highlights the fact that Austrians can assimilate guidance and new ideas, make them their own, and in turn disseminate them. In this they differ radically from the Italians, whose rampant individualism makes it difficult for them to accept either teaching or guidance. The *Wiener Kurier* is produced by one American backed by a full Austrian staff. In other words, the staff knows the pattern and is working within it. On this pattern, which is ours, they are molding the thoughts and attitudes of the Viennese public. The public takes to it, is delighted with it, is anxious in turn to sell it to its old cultural clientele in Danubia and the Balkans. They, too, want to look west, not east. They want to forget the east and all that came out of it. They want to hear again the voice of Vienna, which in the old days diffused the culture and traditions of France throughout Southeastern Europe, and is prepared again to spread *le dernier cri* in ideas and culture. Ours, this time.

Compared to that, our financial successes are nothing. Anyone can make money "at an alarming rate" these days. We sold something more than paper. We sold ideas. We sold them to the greatest natural propagandists on the Continent, the Viennese. They'll carry on, if you'll give them the backing. But let us hurry. They are hungry. Counterpressures are great. And time, too, is passing—at an alarming rate.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 174

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 174 will be found in the next issue.

A KAJ OVKAPV RC QTSVQC

IAYV, NSP UYNC ITY EAKPTR

CVJ—ITY HNQRSVKK JT

YVRVROVY. TY HTGYNWV JT

ITYWVJ.—HZNYQVK NAPV—

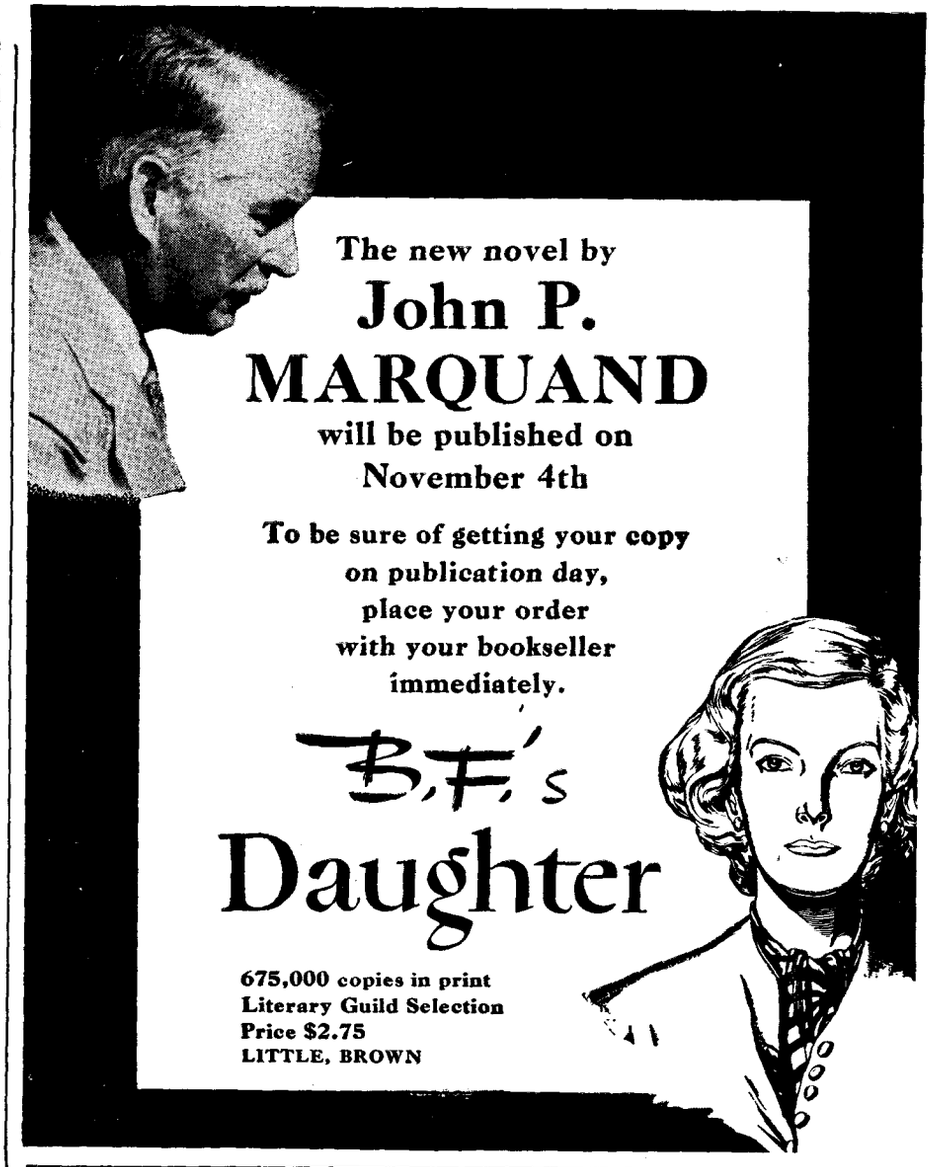
YVRVROVY TY ITYWVJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 173

What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or double strife?

—*The World.*

FRANCIS BACON



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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
HAYDN, SYMPHONY #97 IN C. Beecham, London Philh. Victor M 1059 (3) $3.85	Victor's first post-war import is technically pre-war. These two recordings are remarkably similar; fine orch. balance, but serious lack of highs acc. present U. S. standards. Fine surfaces in older set.	A—	Little to choose, between these, musically, except tempo—Beecham is slower throughout. Weisbach is more accurately played; Beecham's post-war orch. somewhat rough. Both are excellent sets.
Older version: (1933) Weisbach, London Symph. Victor M 140 (3) $3.85 *(hard to get)*		A	
FRANCK, SYMPHONY IN D MI. Ormandy, Phila. Orch. Columbia M 608 (5) $5.85	Fine example of technological improvement. Older set lacks highs and bass, distortion is annoying on any good machine. New set, though dark in tone, is far more natural, broader and-fuller, more "alive."	A—	Musically an interesting contrast. Mitropoulos somewhat eccentric but vigorous interpretation, avoids usual heaviness, new Ormandy version is conservative, conscientious, non-gooey.
Older Columbia set: Mitropoulos, Minneapolis Symph. Columbia M 436 (5) $5.85		A	
FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS OF AMERICA. Margaret Dodd Singers. Hargail HN705 (2 10") $2.50	The Hargail recording is exceptionally smooth, with remarkable "presence", clarity of diction. Bost set is distorted, lacks highs and lows, words diff. to get. Example of improvement in small company recording since the war.	B+	Folk music, sung unaccompanied, in rather "classical" settings. Both groups use trained solo-type voices, not always blending perfectly. The new album is musically far more satisfactory, thanks to better recording.
Comparison: SONGS OF EARLY AMERICA. Elie Siegmeister and his Singers. Bost ES 1 *Out of print*		C	

AMERICA CATCHES UP

AS MANY older record collectors remember, until 1939 our classical record business depended largely on domestic repressings of European-made recordings. With the notable exception of the Philadelphia Orchestra series, and to a lesser extent the Boston Symphony and the New York and Chicago orchestras, most of the familiar orchestral recordings and a large part of the opera and chamber music originated in England or on the continent. Our own companies coasted along without too much experience in the complex business of exploiting local orchestral talent—until 1939. The subsequent scramble to develop and popularize our local orchestras led, at first, to some incredibly bad recordings by European standards, especially on the part of Columbia, which had the weakest domestic set-up.

But today the tables are turned. Our orchestras are fully accepted on records, and beautifully recorded with new techniques far ahead of the reviving European industry. Most of the few imports now appearing were recorded before the war; those that are new (see above) are obviously produced on pre-war equipment. A group of American engineers has recently gone to England to "consult" on recording developments; you may be sure they are suggesting major changes.

The records reviewed above tell the story. The Minneapolis recording of the Franck symphony was one of Columbia's early war time ventures, musically interesting if eccentric, technically poor. The new Franck recording shows what strides that company has made in technique. On the other hand the new (post-war) Beecham recording of the Haydn symphony, made in England, while musically most desirable, is almost identical in recording quality with the 1933 recording of the same music—they may well have been made with the same equipment. Both are good recordings, the 1933 one remarkable for its age, the post-war one obviously from a company forced by circumstances to rest on its earlier laurels. But neither one of these can match the newest American product.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Ladies on the Assembly Line

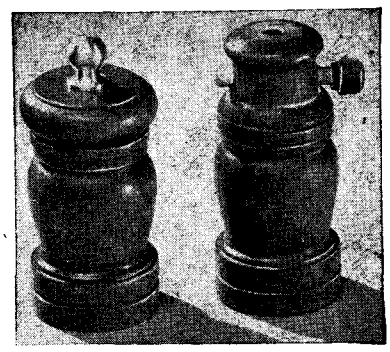
THIS IS GOODBYE. By Betty Baur. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 325 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE women have long since moved out of the aircraft factories; they have gone home again and they are getting their men back, most of them. Perhaps it will be good to have this record of the years they spent in overalls over machines, turning out implements and facing squarely against the kind of world and the kind of problem from which they are generally sheltered. Miss Baur's novel is not exactly a document; it is too sentimentalized and much too contrived a fiction for that. But it is told with great earnestness, out of a store of plainly authentic detail, and it manages to fill in a life-size portrait of the wartime woman from her enlistment, out of the warmth of home, to her close intimacy with fatigue, frustration, and fear.

Her story begins with the unfortunately outworn device of choosing three women from three varied strata, and bringing them together as pals in a war-plant. It has happened that way, of course. A pity that we are so aware of the fictional mechanism that has formed so many to this shape, like a cookie cutter. Catherine Frazer was a bright, sensitive, introverted girl from Riverside Drive. Pee Wee (Frances) Kowarsky was a hard, common-sense babe from New Jersey. Marta Solberg was beautiful, Jewish, had just said farewell to her beloved Steve. Now they were together at the Eagle Aircraft plant, putting aluminum plates on wings. At first the problem was one of adjustment, which in its early stages was very like meeting the rest of the freshman class, or of a boarding-house crew. It was the fun of feeling one another out, finding friends, learning the ropes and the job, and discovering just how sharp were the twinges of homesickness. Then the picture deepened. The work intensified, nerves were worn to the snapping point, accidents threatened, or came, the fact of sabotage shadowed the plant, groups and individuals shouldered one another impatiently. There was chauvinism and race-consciousness and labor-trouble — and under it all the gnawing of the absence of love.

The three girls met these things differently, as their natures determined, and together, as a new unit made by the job they shared. They were shocked into unity by Marta's being barred from their boarding house—some of the people wouldn't like it, said the agent apologetically, if you start letting in a few Jews, then—was this what we're building the damn planes for, Pee Wee wanted to know. But she had her blind spot. She couldn't stand the Negro girl on her shift. Catherine was the moderator, cool, learning, thinking everything out for the three of them. Miss Baur manages to face them with every kind of social and personal difficulty—they make a combined test case for the world at war. Contrived, again, but real enough in every warp and every dark spot they bring to light. It isn't all darkness, either. Miss Baur has room for their moments of escape, their jokes and hopefulness, and gives four ecstatic and lyric pages to Marta's reunion with Steve. The whole story is lyric in its way, a sad and proud record of the courage of women without men.



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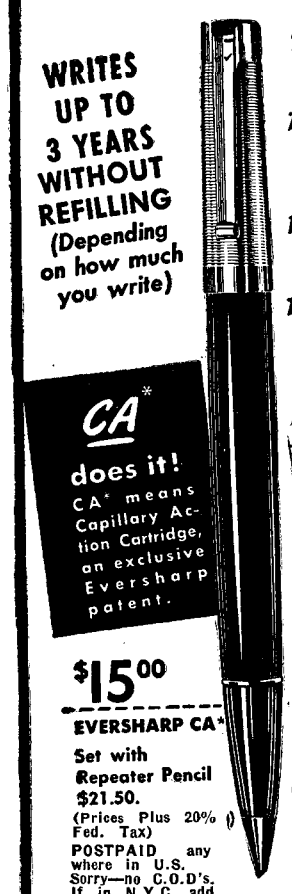

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October Harvest

IT IS fun to read the first of the fall harvest of children's books in the Maine woods. The last of the harvest has been gathered here. On the farms that lie along the road to the village the corn is stacked and the pumpkins ready to be made into Thanksgiving pies. The red of the maples and sumach and the pale gold of the birches is in brilliant contrast to the deep, sombre green of pine and cedar and spruce. In the crisp air of early morning there is a tang of wood-smoke, and on the border of the lake one seeks the sun rather than the shade.

It is a thrilling experience to glance up from the colorful "sporting prints" that Leonard Weisgard has made for "Mrs. Mallard's Ducklings" and see a family of redheads—father, mother, and five children—swimming placidly up the lake. Visitors, apparently, from the coast, they are honoring the woods with a brief stopover—to the intense indignation of the loons, who consider Loon Lake their own private property. Reading Mrs. Pinkerton's "The Silver Strain" here is like sharing the day's events with the Jackson family. It all might have happened in these woods instead of across the nearby Canadian border.

Here one can appreciate more fully the amazing fortitude of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark and their comrades in Hildegarde Hawthorne's fine record when one comes in, cold and wet, hungry and leg-weary, from a long day's tramp over muddy lumber roads and dripping trails to a log fire and hot food. Audubon and Joe Mason, seeking, watching, and sketching the birds of America, seem justified in their devotion when the trees and bushes around one are alive with warblers and crested flycatchers, kinglets and American goldfinches, while the plaintive, individual song of the Canadian whitethroat is "loud in the land." One even finds a fresh perspective in reading a controversial story like Joseph Gollumb's "Tiger at City High" when one is hemmed in by virgin forest and the high, impersonal slope of Saddleback Mountain. There are times when it is good to be sixty-five miles from a railroad.

But busy, crowded streets and thousands of men, women, and children, refreshed by a vacation in the country, hurrying to their day's work, congested buses and subways and literally hundreds of books to read, enjoy, and evaluate lie ahead. Already it is apparent that some of them have so little permanent value that one grudges them the paper and ink used in their making. Already there are some that will win a proud place on the shelves and in the minds of American boys and girls—some that will, we hope, go across the seas to the boys and girls of less fortunate countries.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

A Duck's Life

MRS. MALLARD'S DUCKLINGS. Text by Clelia Delafield. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1946. 26 *pp.* $2.

A SIMPLY worded, pleasing story of how Mrs. Mallard hatched out a family of ducklings in the northern woods and brought them up in the way that they should go, this is distinguished by particularly beautiful and authentic illustrations. They are in full color and remind us of the sporting prints that are sought by collectors. This reviewer, having watched a family of mallards for hours in the Maine woods this summer, can testify that both text and pictures faithfully record the details of their life and their surroundings. Here, against the background of lake and forest, are the early adventures of a wild duck—the dangers that beset it, the food it eats, the coming of the first winter. It is a book not only for the children, but for the whole family. M. G. D.

Real Home

FIVE ACRE HILL. By Paul Corey. Illustrated by James MacDonald. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

"FIVE Acre Hill" is in step with the times. It is a story about building a house, and about the family who built it on ten dollars a week plus a lot of elbow grease. Boys and girls reading of the important part played by fifteen-year-old Jon and sixteen-year-old Phyllis in building the house, clearing the land, and making the garden will be envious and will wish that they had a chance to do the same thing. While the author appears to be an expert on the subject, he has written the story so clearly and simply and the illustrations are so explicit that there is no trouble at all in visualizing each stage of production, each problem and its solution. It is easy to understand, too, why the children and their parents felt that the two-room cabin they had made for a temporary shelter while they were working on the big stone house was "home" despite its inconveniences in a way that their rented house in the city had never been.

The story is up to the minute in the problems that the family had to face in getting materials for their house—flooring and roofing hard to buy, priorities needed for lumber, steel beams not to be had. But, by an ingenious use of substitutes, all their difficulties were finally solved. Not so easy to solve was the hazard presented by a hostile neighbor, who

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resented being hemmed in by the homesteaders and who was in a position to have Mr. Woodward fired from his job.

For a story that makes you want to go out and create something through the work of your head and hands, this is hard to surpass.

MARIAN KING.

Big Fellows

ELEPHANTS. By Herbert S. Zimm. Illustrated by Joy Buba. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. No paging. $2.

WHAT child is not fascinated by elephants—"the largest land animal in the world and one of the four animals most useful to man"? There is something about its great size, its awkward ungainliness, the strange actions of its unfamiliar trunk and its general odd appearence, that makes it the first choice when children become interested in wild animals. Here, then, is a chance for boys and girls—big and little—to acquire elephant lore. They can learn of the elephant's chosen background, of his babyhood, his temperament and mental ability, his habits of living and dealing with the conditions that confront him, the methods of his capture and training. The story is factual and authentic, enriching the children's store of information. But the facts are graphically presented and every page is illustrated with lively, dramatic, informative drawings. Even without the text children would be happy with this book. Though slight in size it carries a wealth of interest. It should be a welcome addition to the children's library.

MARION C. DODD.

Great Captain

WESTWARD THE COURSE. The Story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

ONE need have no hesitation in giving this, one of the most significant records in the history of the United States, to young people. It is an authentic, swift-moving, interesting story. Miss Hawthorne has taken it largely from the diary and letters of William Clark. He is the outstanding character. His vitality, courage, and resourcefulness will have a strong appeal to boys who like men who are equal to the things that challenge them. Two boys are introduced as characters in the story—one from Virginia and one from Pittsburgh—but they are shadowy in comparison to Clark and to the Indian girl, Sacajawea of the Shoshones, who goes with the expedition and guides it over the mountains.

The entire record of the journey, from St. Louis to Oregon and back to St. Louis, is here. It is an almost incredible record. Reading it is a revelation of what the human body and spirit can endure and still go on. And yet one envies the men who saw for the first time the magnificence of the Rockies and the great valley beyond, the depth and swiftness of the rivers that led them at last to the sea. It is a great story as Miss Hawthorne tells it. M.G.D.

School Politics

TIGER AT CITY HIGH. By Joseph Gollumb. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a high-school story that faces the problems of the post-war world. The city is New York, the time today. The two boys around whom the story is woven are Mike Selden, who through "tiger tactics" has been a success at an exclusive boys' school and thinks that he will be equally successful at City High, and Phil Avery, an honest, likeable, tolerant boy whose father has been killed in the Second World War.

The conflict between them is both mental and physical. Both are natural leaders, both are fighters. The difference is that Mike is chiefly concerned with himself, while Phil is concerned with the school and, in a larger sense, with the world. Mr. Gollumb does no more preaching in this story than he did in "Up at City High." In the action, the characters, and the dialogue he shows that selfishness and ruthlessness, in what we have learned to call "power politics," can act as a boomerang, destroying the power that they seem to create. Mike's boomerang comes back to hit him hard through the complete failure of a political meeting held in the school stadium that he has "fixed." Underneath his showiness there is an almost instinctive loyalty to the school that is founded partly on his love of sports. The adult characters play their part. They are all well drawn, especially Mike and Phil's faculty advisor, Mayer Gordon. The purpose behind the story is, perhaps, a little obvious. It is, however, a story that will set boys and girls thinking along lines that are significant just now.

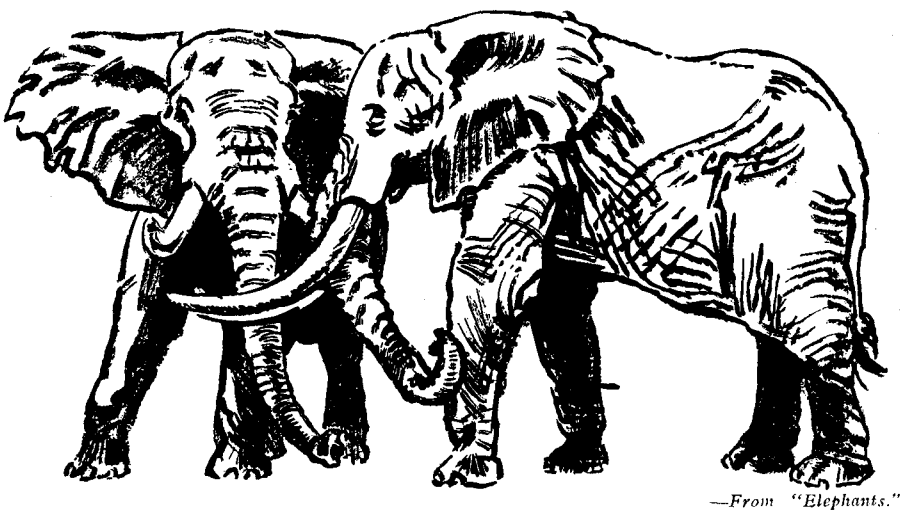
M.G.D.

Fox Farm

THE SILVER STRAIN. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 263 *pp.* $2.

IT is great fun to read this book in the Maine woods. Its locale is Ontario, but it might easily be over the border in Maine. In both places the color scheme arranged by nature is the same: the deep blue of the lakes, the green and brown of pine and spruce, the delicate white of the birches, the flash of scarlet and crimson of the moosewood berries and the Labrador tea. Mrs. Pinkerton does not retard her story with descriptive passages, but one feels all through the beauty of the northern woods.

The characters here are again the attractive members of the Jackson family whose last adventures were recorded in "Windigo." Ann is eighteen now and this is, in part, her love story. The main action is concerned with the silver fox farm that is to make a fortune for Ann and Philip, their father and mother and Jerry Sloane, who has become a partner in the project. A spring landslide buries beyond hope the two finest foxes—Pride and Princess. Discouraged, David Jackson is inclined to give the farm up, but



—From "Elephants."

Long-eared, long-tusked African natives.

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Philip and Ann and Jerry determine to begin again.

The year that follows is a fine record of courage, resourcefulness, and good spirits in the face of threatened disaster. Perhaps this book is not as exciting as "Windigo," but it is, in our opinion, a better one. It would be an excellent book to translate into other languages.

M.G.D.

Boys of 1171

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF GLASTON. By Eleanore M. Jewett. Illustrated by Frederick H. Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

IT is a stained-glass twelfth century which Miss Jewett presents in this story of Hugh and Dickon, two boys who lived at the great Abbey at Glastonbury. When the story opens, in March 1171, the boys are thirteen. Hugh is the son of one of the men who murdered Thomas à Becket, and has been left with the monks by his father, who escapes to France. Dickon has been given in infancy to the abbey as an oblate. Hugh is a cripple —distressed that he cannot be a fighting man, a knight. Yet he finds more than compensation in preparing the colors and the parchment for the abbey librarian. Dickon has no liking for reading or writing, but he has an eager curiosity about the old treasures that he has discovered in the ancient buildings that lie under the tenth-century monastery. And so Miss Jewett introduces the immortal theme of the Holy Grail—which, rather regrettably, she calls the "Sacred Hallow." Dickon finds a fragment of an old manuscript. Under the apparent writing there is an older script. From then on the story advances in a way that will probably appeal to young people and to anyone who does not care particularly whether his history is real or romantic. In the friendship between Hugh and Dickon the reader can, if he pleases, find a pleasant parallel of the friendship between Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. If Dickson occasionally drops into a sound Americanism, unimaginable in medieval England, such as "sure" for "indeed, yes," that is perhaps better than Wardour Street English.

Boys and girls will probably read this story for excitement and adventure, and of these Miss Jewett is generous. She makes the most of the two boys' excursions underground, and the figure of the crazed monk who guards the Sword of King Arthur and is seeking desperately for the Grail is well conceived and well executed. Miss Jewett has a marked

—From "The Hidden Treasure of Glaston."

visual imagination. The vividness of her picture of the abbey and its services must be allowed to atone for her occasional ignorance of twelfth-century ceremonial. The black and white illustrations are bold and decorative.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Hudson's Bay

COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS. The Story of the Hudson's Bay Company. By Louise Hall Tharp. Illustrations by Charles B. Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 302 *pp.* $2.

THE history of the Hudson's Bay Company is one of the most stirring chronicles of the New World. Mrs. Tharp has made the most of this fascinating material. Out of scores of tales of adventure and heroism, bitter rivalry and stupid misjudgment emerges the absorbing record of the success of a vast commercial enterprise.

The first adventure was that of the French boy Pierre Radisson, who was happy only when exploring the wilderness, hunting, trapping and matching his wits with the Indians. With his brother-in-law he discovered a new trade route and was responsible for chartering in 1670 "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." From that day on the company grew rapidly in the soil of human courage, determination, and daring. It met with occasional reverses which might have been devastating excepting that there seemed always to be the right man on the spot.

Among the great names are hundreds of lesser ones who nevertheless played important parts in the great drama that covered nearly three hundred years. There are thousands more whose names are not known at all — voyageurs, traders, half-breeds, Indians, Eskimos, young men from the British Isles eager for opportunity and adventure.

This is a splendid book. Among the excellent illustrations by Charles B. Wilson are some stunning Indian heads.

RUTH A. HILL.

Youthful Artist

JOE MASON, APPRENTICE TO AUDUBON. By Charlie May Simon. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

AT the age of thirteen Joe Mason left his home in Cincinnati to undertake a long and sometimes dangerous flatboat trip to New Orleans. He had persuaded John James Audubon to take him as an apprentice. A century and a quarter ago Audubon was not known as a great naturalist, but only as an "art teacher" who was always poor because he would rather paint birds than work.

After the long and eventful trip down the Ohio and Mississippi, Audubon and Joe spent some months in and near New Orleans. Sometimes, as on the trip down, they would hunt for their keep. At other times Audubon would tutor the child of some plantation owner in art or music. In return he and Joe would receive their board and room and a chance to sketch the birds of the area. In New Orleans, Audubon often earned their expenses by painting portraits—at twenty-five dollars each.

Meanwhile Joe was growing into manhood. Life wasn't always easy, for he was often hungry, usually poorly clad, and sometimes—as when he received news of his father's death —unhappy and discouraged. Audubon was an exacting teacher, chary with his praise, but gradually Joe gained

China

By Agnes O'Connell

(Ten years old)

WHEN I was very little
China meant to me,
A certain cup and saucer
That Mother used at tea.

Now I know it's a country
With rivers broad and wide.
Where sampans full of Chinamen
Go bobbing on the tide.

Where pagodas are their churches,
And rice the staple dish,
And ladies wear kimonos
That make a lovely swish.

China means much more to me
Than I ever dreamed it could
But I still love the cup and saucer
Of my early babyhood.

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the mastery of chalk and brush. And always, in spite of disappointments and accidents, the portfolio of drawings which was to become "The Birds of America" and make Audubon famous on two continents drew nearer completion.

This is an excellent book. There is an abundance of detail, and all of the characters are well drawn. Joe and Audubon become vital persons to the reader. If Audubon is not exactly portrayed, it is because he was a paradoxical figure. This need not bother young people. Audubon was an interesting and colorful man with great courage and singleness of purpose, and so we find him here. Henry Pitz's illustrations capture the mood of the story and add to its value.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

—From "Too Many Dogs."

Pound Hound

TOO MANY DOGS. By Quail Hawkins. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 58 *pp.* $1.50.

TOO many young readers this book will be a series of delighted chuckles. Kurt Wiese has done full justice to its contagious humor in his illustrations.

Hank Hunter, aged ten, wanted a dog and a bicycle. The bicycle was rather too much for the family budget, but the dog was simpler. Mr. Hunter spent two dollars on a leash and collar and escorted Hank, white with excitement, to the pound. There, with the advice of Mr. Grimes the keeper, Hank selected a white bull terrior named Queenie, and attaching the leash and collar to her, led her proudly home. Queenie—a lively and attractive lady—lost no time in luring a gentleman bull terrior—brindled—to the Hunter premises. The result was three practically perfect bull terrior puppies. Nearby there lived a rather snooty boy, Jasper, whose father owned a very high-bred Afgan, called by Hank and his friends "The Offgone Hound." Complications follow. But all is serene in the end.

M.G.D.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GREEN FOR A GRAVE *Manning Lee Stokes* (Phoenix: $2.)	Murderer with penchant for nicotine poisoning in odd forms gives Barnabas Jones and pretty asst. plenty of trouble.	Amoral antics of dwellers on banks of White River plus series of related slayings keep action rolling rapidly.	Time-passer
MAKE MINE MURDER *Robert Sidney Bowen* (Crown: $2.)	Wealthy Mr. Barnes opens 'tec agency. Girl friend supplies first corpse but tough and demanding client takes over.	Supergangster White and his assorted hoodlums, not to speak of sultry femmes, play hob with Barnes physically and emotionally.	Tuff and torrid
MUSEUM PIECE NO. 13 *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young bride (second) of dynamic mag. publisher wanders through Bluebeardian puzzle with death at end of bewildering train of events.	Flamboyant secondary characters supply major interest. Lovely Lily, heroine, acts like prime dope most of time, but aging admirer saves her.	Weird affair
GREEN DECEMBER FILLS THE GRAVEYARD *Maureen Sarsfield* (Coward McCann: $2.50.)	Poisoning of various English villagers all charged up to young sculptress by local cops. Doctor and detective Parry think otherwise.	Prime plot-work, good characterizations, engaging chatter, and colorful background—with psychological overtones and bit of romance.	Very nice!

Coward-McCann, Inc.

Books For Boys and Girls

MR. 2 OF EVERYTHING

BY M. S. KLUTCH *Illustrated by* Kurt Wiese. Step right up and meet Mr. 2 of Everything, a genial gentleman with 2 houses and 2 jobs. He ate 2 breakfasts, 2 dinners, and 2 suppers. But alas, he also had 2 sorrows. A hilariously original story with doubly wonderful pictures by Kurt Wiese. Ages 5-10. $1.50

THE C - CIRCUS

BY ELIZABETH HAMILTON *Illustrated by* Michael Ladd. A three-ring circus owned by Mrs. Prunella Smith who looked like a baked apple. Why the chameleon and the cygnet couldn't belong and how three little kittens became star performers makes a highly entertaining story. Text and endpapers in color. Ages 7-10. $1.50

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THE DISCONTENTED VILLAGE

BY ROSE DOBBS *Illustrated by* Beatrice Tobias. A village which had *not one* happy person living in it. Everyone complained until the mumbles and grumbles rose like a great fog and shut out the sun. How a mysterious stranger taught the villagers a valuable lesson will entrance young readers with its sheer fun. Jacket, cover, endpapers in color. Ages 8-12. $1.50

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BY JOHN KEIR CROSS *Illustrated by* Robin Jacques. A thrilling story which out-Vernes Jules Verne in breath-taking adventures. The tale of the first flight by rocket ship to Mars and of the incredible events of three adventure-packed days. Ages 12 to 16. $2.00

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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the Phoenix Nest

SONNET FOR HILL WINDS

BLOW over all these lonsesome shacks, you winds,
And scrape your bellies on these mountains' backs!
Blow over stone and stile; raise havoc in
The moaning trees outside these time-scarred shacks!
Sing out above them, oh you wind which screams
In pain as on the crags you're dashed and hurled!
And when these hill folk whisper you their dreams,
Blow them to all the regions of the world!
Blow over this lost, alien world of ours,
Here where we dwell on slopes superb and high,
Over our mountain shacks a thatch of stars—
Blow down the untamed acres of the sky!
Tell none of us the thing we want to know;
Break all our hearts, mock all our dreams—but blow!

E. V. GRIFFITH.

* * *

I thank William Archer of Morristown, Tennessee, for the following communication. To answer his question, Autolycus was a rogue in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" who was named after the son of Hermes famed for thievery. "My father named me Autolycus; who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

I nominate Mr. Leonard Bacon one of the interesting living poets of this land.

I heartily commend neighbor Yarros's (of La Jolla) common sense remarks about clichés. (I say "neighbor" as I am a Californiac, and a mighty homesick one at the moment.) If a cliché is a better tool for the job than some less precise "synonym" (often more precious as it becomes less precise) a good workman will not hesitate to use it, for clarity.

Sorry to seem so ignorant, but what is the original meaning of Autolycus?

* * *

MOON OVER MURRAY HILL

Surrounded on all sides by lights, cars, muffled voices,
footsteps and insincere laughter,
yet, high above, playing the coy Venus
in her wraith of cloud dress,
rides the moon.
The old hotel lends a soft Victorian air,
while the tallest building raises *tour brilliant*,
a man-made bid towards God.
What does she think of it, the Moon?
Is she secretly laughing?
She can afford to mock;
the sun is her illumination;
her diamonds—far lovelier than those on the Park Avenue lady,
theatre-bound—
a wreath of stars.
Her ermine cloak—a scrap of cloud, a bit of insouciant blue.
Her music—that of the wind.
Tantalizing, La Moon shows only half herself,
Glowing, luminescent.
Her thoughts go back to eons
Her dreams, her wishes, stretch into eternity.
Look up at Murray Hill;
waiting above, you'll see her,
Benignly smiling, subtle beauty,
Chiding us for our pettiness,
Our foolish lives, our wasted dreams,
Unfortunate romances.
The patroness of lovers,
Chaste Diana had her Endymion.

NAN STUART SMITH.

* * *

Then there's Vivian Pike Boles of Wichita, Kansas, who has this to say:

Back in 1937 I wrote my first letter to an editor—*The Atlantic Monthly* in general and Mr. Wilson (I believe) Follett's article in particular, in which he took teachers of high-school English severely to task because of the state of newspaper grammar.

Having not yet completed my first year of teaching, and having concentrated especially on the very common errors Mr. Follett found most odious (particularly "He is one of the men who *is* in a position to know" which should read, "He is one of the men who *are* . . . ") I took the criticism with my back up and my letter was subsequently published in the Contributors' Column. I said, in effect: "Considering the fact that even graduates of accredited schools of journalism are finding the competition tough sledding with those self-styled rousterers who choose to go up in the newspaper world the hard way, it seems to me the blame for faulty grammar should fall on the copy desk's blue pencil and not on the heads of long-suffering teachers of high-school English."

Now I wonder what Mr. Follett thinks if he happened to read in so august a publication as the *SRL* (Aug. 24) and under the name of no less a personage than Robert St. John, this sentence: "This does not mean that he is one of *those* ivory tower characters who *reports* . . .". Unless Mr. Follett has long ago given it up as a somewhat thankless job in the long run of life, I'll bet Mr. St. John will be hearing from him.

* * *

INGENUITY

The apes are hairy everywhere,
But do not care.
Yet man, the monkey's next of kin,
Who's hairy mostly on the chin,
Is in a constant state of huff:
And so invents morose machines
To shave it off.

SOPHIE HIMMELL.

* * *

I present to my readers, for their help, the following from Chandler Tibbetts, P. O. Box 406, Oskaloosa, Iowa:

Perhaps you might find help for a young woman, who asked me recently how to become educated. After leaving high school, she worked six years for a wholesale coal firm, as private secretary to the president, doing often a great deal of his work. She married, has three children, and became inspired by a squib in the *Des Moines Register* by Harlan Miller about the "ten great books" which, if carefully assimilated, could cause one to feel truly educated. Plato's "Republic" was one of the mildest ones. Perhaps your magazine might not have many readers who would care to call themselves uneducated, but perhaps they might help this young mother. I myself doubt the value to her—and her family—of the list. But I would like to list a few books myself—put them up as a target for your erudite readers to shoot at—that I believe might help this girl to become a happier person, and a better citizen and mother. My list, I fear, is fairly modern. I am also willing to learn, though.

1—Tom Kelley's "A Testament of Devotion"
2—Hughes Mearns's "The Creative Adult"
3—Mary Austin's "The Earth's Horizon"
4—Donald Culross Peattie's "The Prairie Grove"
5—Gerald Heard's "The Creed and Code of Christ"
6—Kenneth Boulding's "The Economics of Peace"
7—Stewart Edward White's "Betty"

And from here, I suspect I would have to step down. Art clashes with philosophy. If I would start in on fiction, I know I'd not find room. What can I tell this girl?

* * *

In regard to Lee Hayman's request for the nomination of favorite American poets, June Wrobleski of Rocky River, Ohio, writes: "The favorite of favorites among American living poets: Leonora Speyer." There was also one more vote for Robinson Jeffers.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 50)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 656

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

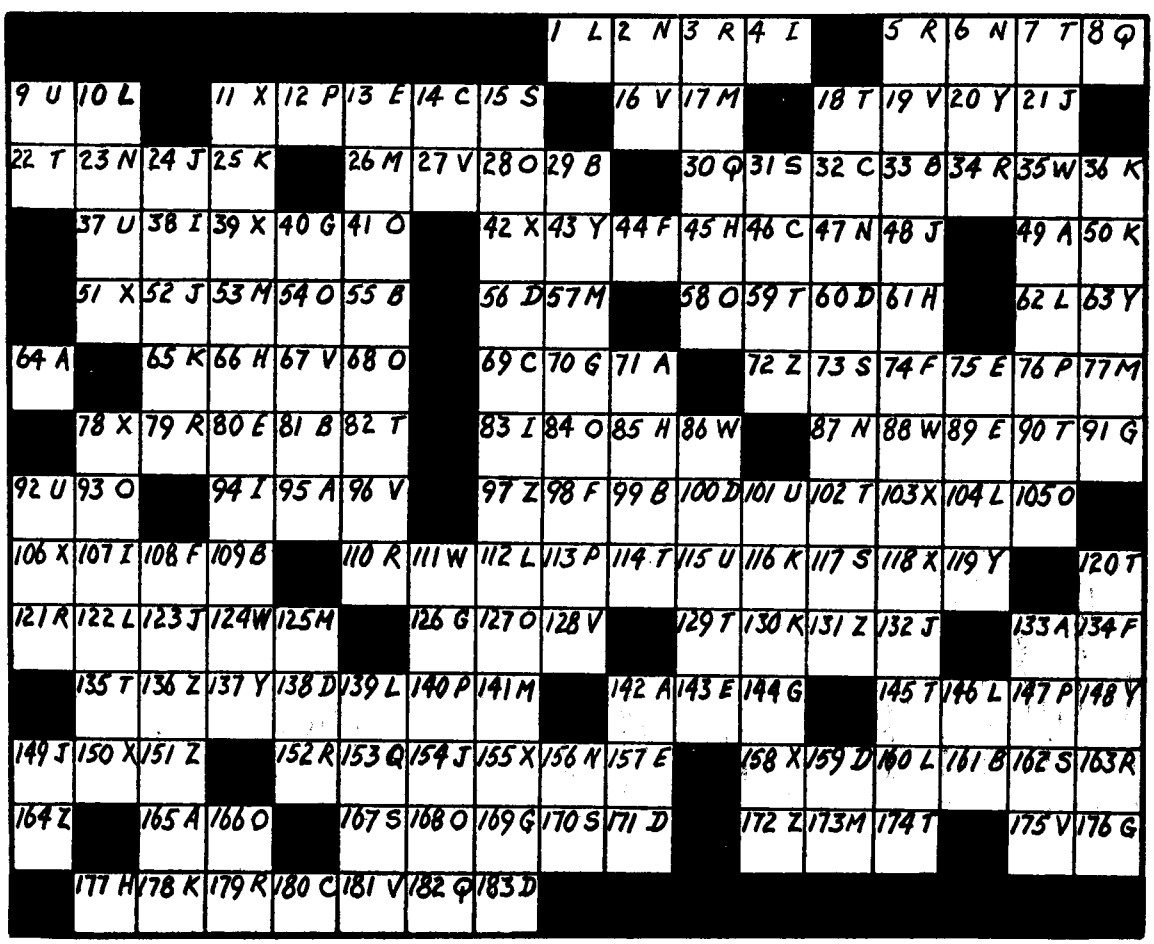
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Allanite, esp. when occurring in slender, prismatic crystals (Mineral)	49 64 133 95 165 142 71
B. English novelist ("Sorrell and Son," 1925).	109 55 33 99 161 29 81
C. Metrical or rhythmical beat in utterance.	32 14 69 46 180
D. Hungarian-born conductor of famous orchestra in the U. S.	159 60 138 100 56 183 171
E. The vertebral column; the spine (Anta.).	89 13 75 143 80 157
F. Largest island of the Cyclades, Greece, Aegean Sea (assoc. with Bacchus).	108 74 98 134 44
G. Son of Jupiter and Io, scoffer at Phaethon's power (Gr. Myth.)	144 169 126 40 70 91 176
H. Stringed instrument, considered progenitor of the viol class.	85 66 177 61 45
I. The opposite of "wealth."	107 38 4 94 83
J. A movement for national autonomy in India (incl. boycott of foreign goods).	21 154 123 24 48 132 52 149
K. The dominion of Freyr (Norse Myth.).	25 178 50 65 36 130 116
L. Musician and composer of German birth but French naturalization (1819-80).	139 62 112 122 104 10 146 160 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Roman road in England from Bath to Lincoln (2 wds; with "The").	17 57 125 77 53 26 173 141
N. President of the U. S., 1881-5.	2 156 87 6 23 47
O. Greek historian of 3rd cent. B.C. (Fragments of "Indica" still extant).	58 68 105 168 54 41 93 84 127 28 166
P. First name of beloved journalist killed in action in the Pacific, W. W. II.	12 147 140 113 76
Q. Floral emblem of England.	8 153 30 182
R. To include between (Math.).	3 34 121 129 110 5 79 152 163
S. A young partridge, grouse, quail.	31 167 117 15 170 162 73
T. A president of the U. S. (full name).	18 82 102 22 7 129 145 90 135 114 120 59 174
U. Title of the sovereign of Abyssinia.	101 115 92 9 37
V. A very fine Anatolian rug, fine knotting, mellow colors, etc.	19 27 175 16 67 128 96 181
W. English caricaturist on staff of Punch (1817-64).	124 111 86 35 88
X. Ubiquitous.	42 106 150 103 11 78 39 158 155 118 51
Y. Founder and benefactor of college in Turkey, named for him.	137 63 43 20 148 119
Z. A criminal tramp.	164 97 72 151 172 136 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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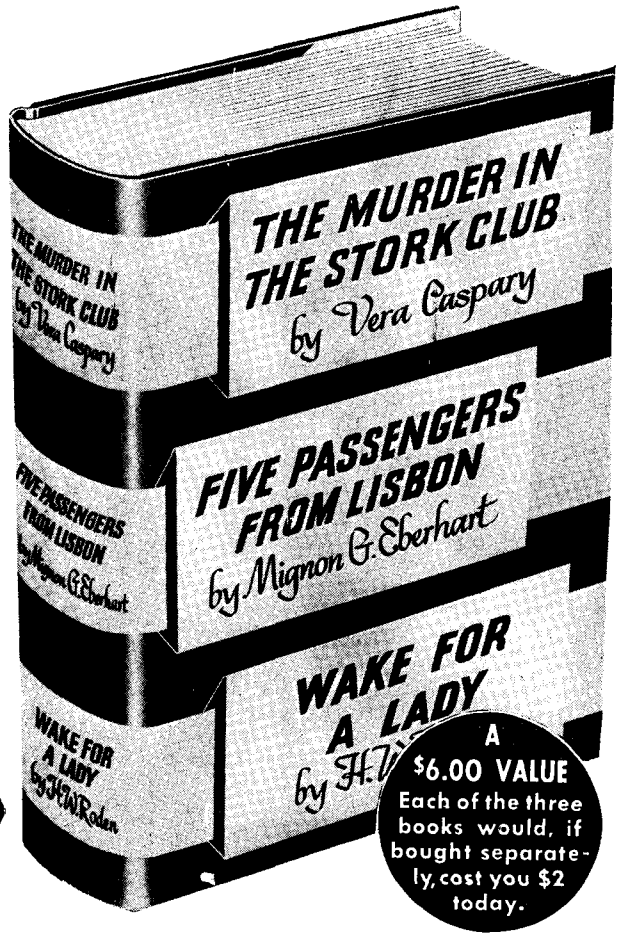

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